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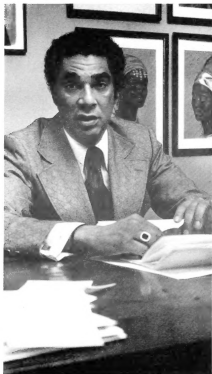


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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year and, in June 1975, 541 North Dearborn Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office: Metropolitan Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Smiley, President; Richard D. McKinnon, Treasurer; Charles A. Ross, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. It is authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage by cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$8.50 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

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THE LAP as 67 is maybe a mid-leader mellowed but still the pungent Leo Danocher of love and yams, as Edwin Ruskas documents in talks ranging from baseball to to show his.

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AN ENDING BUSINESS, yoga lends attracts bestselling business writer Adam Smith. He takes out a California guru and subsequently finds profit in his losses on the court, if not off.

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BOOKTALK

Given to the sea in ships—no sag nothing of a fragile dinghy and a rubber raft.

Penguin has issued in paperback *The Stranger Voyage of Donald Crowhurst*, a cliff-hanger of a reconstruction of that man's crazed efforts in the 1968 solo, non stop round-the-world race sponsored by the London *Sunday Times*. The fact that one knows what really happened does not spoil the suspense. Authors Nicholas Tomalin and Ron Hall give nothing away in mentioning that Crowhurst was the captain who proved to have been faking his position. Rather than beating his way around the Horn in his 41-foot, *Triton*, he had spent eight months dithering in the Atlantic, and his boat was found abandoned there. It is generally thought that he lost his mind (as who would not, faking a log by calculating backward from imaginary positions and making up distances under unknown weather conditions) and finally leaped to his death.

John Fairfax and Sylvia Cook's *Over Across the Pacific* (W. W. Norton, \$6.95) is the blown-filled story of how the pair did indeed save a 15-foot boat 8,000 miles from San Francisco to Australia. It is fascinating in its way, but the chatty style somehow makes it hard to remember that the middle of the ocean is a small boat is a chance place to be. Crowhurst was casual, too, though in a completely different way. He was so possessed by private delusions that he embarked the did, after all, intend to go around the world) in a trimaran he knew to be leaking, with the jibs and staysail attached to the wrong stays, no pipe for his hauling system and spare parts left in a heap on the dock.

It remains for *Survive the Savage Sea* (Penguin Publishers, \$7.95, available late this month) to put a decent fear of the ocean gods back into us. Douglas Robertson's schooner was rammed by killer whales and it sank. Robertson, his wife, their three sons and a student friend, Robin Williams, found themselves adrift in the Pacific in an inflatable life raft towing a nine-foot dinghy. They had salvaged a motley selection of gear and rations. Robertson's prose is very plain and is the more vivid for it. Fancy writing is not needed to describe the point at which sucking out fish eyeballs is a lot of fun. In a footnote to what could easily have been Robin's last letter to his mother the skipper confides himself politely so "I apologize for having been instrumental in bringing his life to such an untimely end." That seems a bit harsh. The whales were not Robertson's fault, and his seamanship brought the vessel through. He had minimal help from the instruction booklet found in a pocket of the raft. "It gave little intelligent information on how to preserve one's life in mid-ocean," but it ended, Robertson recalls, with the words, "GOOD LUCK."

—BARBARA LA FONTAINE



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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN RYAN

RENZEL COME TO JUDGMENT

One could say that the law has dealt gently with Lance Renzel, wide receiver for the Los Angeles Rams, who was sentenced to five years probation in 1971 after pleading guilty to exposing himself to a 10-year-old girl and who got three years probation last May after being caught in possession of marijuana. Though he also pleaded guilty to the latter charge, Renzel is appealing on grounds that the evidence was obtained illegally.

Now Pete Rozelle, National Football League commissioner, after due investigation, has suspended Renzel for at least the 1973 season for "conduct detrimental to professional football."

Renzel accepted the suspension, but Ed Garvey, executive director of the NFL Players Association, did not. He announced the filing of a federal antitrust suit to overturn the suspension.

As commissioner, Rozelle has the special duty to protect the good name of pro football, an assignment baseball gave to Judge Kennesaw Mountain Landis after the Black Sox scandal all but destroyed the fans' faith in the game. That faith is essential to sport of any kind. Thus far Rozelle has defended it well. He acted promptly in suspending Paul Hornung and Alex Karras for gambling, albeit on their own teams, and that action did much to convince the followers of pro football, an ardent and ever-increasing bunch, that the honor of the game was in good hands. That belief was good for the owners, of course, but it was good for the players, too. Season after season, they have been increasingly rewarded.

But Garvey does not see it that way; in fact, he professes not to understand the meaning of the expression "conduct detrimental to pro football." We fail to understand why that should be so hard to understand.

In considering sentence, the courts rightly take into consideration the psychiatric problems of a defendant and with such knowledge may well deal

mentally with him. But it is no part of Pete Rozelle's job to endanger the welfare of the game he supervises. Nor is it a part of Ed Garvey's job. He does his players no favor there.

ENDANGERED SPECIES

If Arpad Czarnadi, Hungarian chairman of the International Olympic Committee program commission, has his way, equestrian events at the next Olympics will be canceled. He says they do not meet the requirements of Rule 36 of the Olympic regulations, according to which an Olympic sport must be one practiced in at least 25 countries. The three disciplines now contemplated for the 1976 Games in Montreal do not meet the requirement.

Basically, there is a question of money, too. The Riel equestrian stadium used eight days in the 1972 Games cost, says Czarnadi, about \$5.6 million to build and now stands empty. Only three events—a pony show, a Bavarian vaulting championship and a dog show—are scheduled at the stadium this year.

Considerations like that might well induce Canada to advocate cancellation. In addition, the amateur status of equestrian competition has always been questionable, in the North American indoor circuit—Washington, New York and Toronto—the teams ride for about \$58,000 in prize money.

WAIT TILL NEXT SEASON

A few things went wrong at the Richmond, Maine sesquicentennial celebration.

On July 30 a lot of boats were to come up the Kennebec River to Richmond. But a combination of coastal fogs and misunderstandings prevented that. The Bath Municipal Band was three hours late for its concert. Flows from the Bath Iron Works were two days late. So was the Coast Guard buoy tender. And while the tender was placing belated buoys it struck a ledge, stuck there and eventually keeled over.

As a result, Lieut. D.O. Tikon, USCG, won the Lindsey's Law citation from Dr. Lindsey Lord, a retired naval architect who was one of the sesquicentennial's organizers.

The Law: "When your draft exceeds the water depth, you are most assuredly aground."

PAPA, BEAR AND MAMA GATOR

They are a continent apart, but Florida's Mission Valley Golf and Country Club and British Columbia's Kemano course have hazards far more perilous than the everyday water hole or sand trap.

At Mission Valley, which is near Venice, Fla., Acie Danson Jr. was retrieving golf balls from a small pond near the 9th hole. What he did not know was that he was intruding on an alligator's private



preserve. The alligator clamped down on his foot.

And at Kemano, about 50 miles south of Kitimat, British Columbia, seven grizzly bears took up residence near the course. As a result, golf scores rose sharply. "The golfers have a problem," says Gerald Smythe, conservation officer.

The bears eventually moved into town, looking for garbage. With tranquillizers unavailable, apprehensive residents shot a mother bear and three cubs. The rest, it must be presumed, are still somewhere around.

ANYONE FOR JAI ALAI?

The game of jai alai has achieved such popularity in the U.S. that top-class players are increasingly hard to come by. There are now eight frontons in Florida, and a ninth will open next year. The first gambling fronton in the U.S. to operate outside of Florida will have its inaugu-

Continued

nal in Las Vegas in November. Newport, R.I., has given approval for construction of a fromon. Another half a dozen states are considering *jai alai's* pari-mutuel legalization.

That gives players a chance to bargain for higher salaries. About 90% of the world's best players compete in Florida, based there from either Mexico or the Basque country of Spain. Each year American fromons dispatch scouts to these areas to seek out roster replacements for players who have been injured, have retired or just are not good enough. Consequently, with the new popularity of the game, competition between fromons for players has become fierce.

Art Selvester, West Palm Beach fromon owner, has solved his immediate problem by signing players to long-term contracts, having "smelled a rat some time ago." He got tired of building up teams "and then having them stolen out from under us."

"But you can't blame the players," he adds. "They go where the money is best."

Of the 250 players currently competing in the U.S., only two are Americans. There's a fair chance that there will be more, when the money gets good enough.

OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Barbara Nicklaus, Jack's wife, gave birth to their fifth child the other day. Michael Nicklaus checked in at seven pounds, four ounces and with a three handicap.

FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY

Back in 1964, long before Henry Aaron harbored dreams of beating Babe Ruth's home-run record of 714, he was involved in a play that, if it had turned out otherwise, would now have him one homer closer to the record.

The story has been told before, but never better than by Bob Uecker, who was the villain. Uecker used to catch for the Phillies, the Cards and the Braves. Now a broadcaster for the Milwaukee Brewers, Uecker was considered to be a player who hit like a feather but thought like a ton.

Uecker was catching for the Cards at the time. They were entertaining the Braves in St. Louis.

"Curt Simmons was feeding Aaron off-speed pitches and curves, no fastballs," Uecker remembers. "I knew that Aaron got impatient and he would step into the pitch."

Aaron did step in and homered to the

roof in right field. But, says Uecker, "as he circled the bases I called the attention of the plate umpire, Chris Pelekoudas, to the cleat marks, which showed that Hank was out of the batter's box."

"When Hank reached home plate, Pelekoudas was there with his thumb in the air, barking 'You're out!'"

"Aaron was fit to be tied—one of his rare displays of emotion—and it looked for a while as if even the St. Louis fans might riot. But the decision stuck."

And so Aaron was ejected—by the Cards.

A TALE OF TWO BODIES

One of the more touching stories in sports was the binding relationship between two NBA teammates—Maurice Stokes, who was hospitalized with post-traumatic encephalopathy until his death 12 years later, and Jack Twyman, who had himself appointed Stokes' legal guardian and initiated numerous fund-raising drives to pay Maurice's hospital bills.

The warm relationship between Twyman, a white, and Stokes, who was black, now has been made into a movie, *Mervin*. For the most part the screenplay adheres to the actual story but, regrettably, there are no film clips of Stokes in his Cincinnati Royals playing days, and Bernie Casey, the former *49er* and Ram wide receiver, is not too convincing as a basketball player. But this isn't so much a sports story as it is a story of the human spirit—Twyman's selflessness combined with Stokes' determination to recover from the crippling brain disease.

Quite a similar tale is told in *Run the Dunes Slowly* (SL, May 21), a movie version of the 1956 Mark Harris novel about a major league pitcher's efforts to conceal the onset of his catcher pal's fatal illness so that the catcher might have another season of the game he loves. This one has been a long time coming, but it's still a good story. So is *Mervin*.

SOMETHING TO GET SOME ABOUT

The "soring" of the Tennessee Walking Horse, a practice that cruelly injures the forelegs or feet of the breed in order to make the animals pick up their front hooves in a high-stepping, prancing gait, was outlawed by Congress in 1970. It still goes on. A federal grand jury has indicted 31 persons for the soring of horses during the 1972 Cotton Carnival Horse Show in Memphis.

Illegal soring practices include the use of chemical irritants—oil of mustard on the pastern area just above the hoof, or similar use of antimony butter, cresote, iodide of mercury, or gasoline—all of which cause an irritation or blister when rubbed into the skin. The front legs are then covered with "boots"—wood leggings that strike the irritated area when the hoof hits the ground. The resulting pain causes the horse to jerk up its feet quickly, thus bringing about an exaggerated high step. A Memphis veterinarian likens the pain to that a human would experience if he tried to run with a large blister on his foot.

"It just hurts too bad to keep your foot on the ground," he explained.

Most of the techniques have clear evidence in the way of ugly soars, but the sadists who sore horses are becoming moresophisticated. They are discovering ways to do the job without leaving evidence—driving nails into the feet, pricking with needles and the like.

The law itself would have been quite unnecessary, the vet said, if horse judges had had the simple gun and integrity to "excuse" sore horses from the ring.

"Sored horses are easy to identify," he said, "and any judge worth his salt can tell merely by watching the horse walk or simply checking his feet."

THEY SAID IT

● Johnny Unitas, 40-year-old quarterback of the San Diego Chargers, asked why his knee is bothering him: "It's old."

● Chi Chi Rodriguez, pro golfer: "The first time I played the Masters I was so nervous I drank a bottle of rum before I teed off. I shot the happiest 83 of my life."

● Marty Janaszkiewicz, Baltimore Colt rookie, on the unannounced chore of signing autographs for admiring youngsters: "You make a big J, a couple of squiggles and some bumps. Who knows the difference anyway?"

● Mickey Herskowitz, Houston sports telecaster: "Duane Thomas may be the only man in Washington who isn't talking."

● Leo Trevino, pro golfer, on the PGA's lengthy 5500,000 autumn tournament: "I can't stay two weeks in one place even at home, so how in the world could I spend two weeks in Pinehurst, N.C. in the middle of winter?"

● Julius Boros, 53-year-old pro golfer: "I'll play any woman golfer in the world even-up—and use only one club." **END**



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TWO-SIDED, FOR ONCE

The Dolphins may have been bored, but All-Star talent—and approach—had something to do with it, too. John McKay prepared his colleagues by letting them have fun, and they nearly had even more **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**



What John McKay did in preparing the College All-Stars for last week's sacrifice to the jaws of the insatiable Miami Dolphins was, of course, postposterous. To begin with, he practiced the Stars only once a day. Since the game originated some 40 years ago, All-Star teams have been expected to purge themselves with double-overtime drills and to scrimmage almost hourly. McKay recalled one struck-down Star team featuring 17 players that had been injured by game day. McKay said scrimmage was not the name of the game—football was.

McKay was asked why he would not even consent to the customary warmup contest with another pro squad, usually the Chicago Bears. McKay's experience with the National Football League has been mostly in the turning-down of extravagant offers to coach in it. Offers by Los Angeles, which included a pile of money; by New England, which included a chauffeur to drive his beach-oriented wife Corky through the snow. But he knew enough about it to point out that the cruisesome Bears were not the world champion Dolphins. "Besides, what good would it do?" he said, rolling his cigar to the side of his mouth.

"Well, for one thing, to see if you can block a pro team," he was told.

"What if we can't?" McKay said. "What do we do then? Call off the game!"

McKay said that among his "\$10 million worth" of earmarked All-Stars one must assume that some know how to play football. The fourteen he had chosen averaged 254 pounds (bigger even than the Super Bowl Dolphins), and McKay could imagine no sight less esthetic than 6' 8", 290-pound John Matuzak (see cover), University of Tampa and No. 1 draft

Kicker Ray Guy, game MVP, scored the Stars' only points, booting a 19-yard field goal.

pick of the Houston Oilers, sitting on the chest of his quarterback. He said he doubted Miami's Don Shula needed to scrimmage Bob Griese to find out if Griese could pass the football.

Along that line, McKay also violated the ritual of deliberating which of several available quarterbacks he might use. He included only two on his roster and almost immediately settled on old pro Dub Jones' boy Bert, late of LSU and now of the Colts. It did not take a genius, much less a scrimmage, McKay said, to see that Jones was something special, Lucky Colts, Endangered Dolphins.

Oh, yes. Neither did McKay bother to crowd the marquee with a lot of big-name assistant coaches. Like Nebraska's Bob Devaney last year, he simply moved in his own happy family from USC, with their proven system. And what they concentrated on instead of survival for these weeks was an incidental known as *Awake*. All-Star teams historically become unglued by small catastrophes of precision, mental mistakes that trigger physical breakdowns and sap the spirit. A guard pulls the wrong way; a receiver makes an impression out. If it happens early, the ship goes down before it clears the harbor. All-Star teams are not good at playing catch-up because their passing game is never that refined.

So McKay's workouts were atypically unimportant. "Fun" was a word that often escaped the lips of the Stars. The practice field at Northwestern University got to be known as the McKay Country Club, and as his one-liners kept coming (he is not only the reigning king of college football, he is one of its quippiest), some people were lulled into believing that the coach wasn't taking the game too seriously.

But have a closer look: the most talented running back in the All-Star camp was Purdue's Otis Armstrong. Armstrong was also the most obvious, toddling around Chicago in his matching undershirt-pants-and-cup sets and his \$10,000 yellow Eldorado purchased with the talent from a Denver Bronco contract. And he took McKay's breezy

continued

Bert Jones, who goes to the Colts, ran a pretty offense with the Dolphins and his stars.



practices a little too airily to suit John. You do not achieve timing by having 10 guys run full speed and one take his own sweet time, said McKay. "We will alert Mr. Armstrong by not starting him, and hope that somebody vinegares him out before he blows his career."

Privately, McKay was seared, too, by the cooperation he was not always getting from the pros. "This game made professional football," he said. "You'd think some of them would remember that." It was not the hints and pluses to pass over this or that player that bothered him so much; he did not wish to jeopardize "any boy's chances to make \$50,000 a year." But one particular incident got to him. The New England Patriots had prevailed on him not to select one of their draftees. McKay agreed, but when he subsequently found himself in a bind for offensive linemen and put it a call to Chuck Fairbanks, the Patriot coach, the call was never returned. He called a dozen times more, to no avail. He said he doubted Patriot scouts would get a ticker-tape parade the next time they walked the USC campus.

It is because of such irritations that both sides have, in recent years, held the All-Star Game so gingerly to their breasts. They may love its tradition but they despise its outdated premises. The pros are wary of the potential embarrassment and do not like the game because it comes at an awkward time—there is no "convenient" time—and the colleges feel that they must always play with a stacked deck. It is a game ideally suited as a television commodity and a kickoff for the football season, and yet it is meaningless as a true barometer of the skills of either side. As Larry Csonka said afterward of his Dolphins, "Anybody who thinks this is the same team that beat the Redskins in the Super Bowl is a fool."

It would be pleasant to report here that John McKay's refreshing approach to the game produced a startling shift of fortune for the All-Stars, who have not won since 1963. It did not. They were convincingly beaten, by 34-3. It is nevertheless true that a reversal very well could have happened, as Don Shula himself volunteered on the plane ride home that night. It did not happen because it is asking too much of the All-Stars, no matter how good they are (and this was probably the best group in 10 years) or how well



Larry Csonka, playing on a sliding, second look Miami, took the game into one of the first plays.

coached. John McKay had no illusions beforehand.

On the morning of the game McKay slept until almost 10 o'clock. Ordinarily he hardly sleeps at all and is too sick from drinking coffee and sucking cigar smoke to eat. In his suite at the Bismarck, he poured a glass of orange juice and out a slab of pecan Danish and settled easily into the question of "the challenge" at hand—the leading college coach vs. the *Wishkied* of the pros, the best college players vs. the pro champions.

Sure, he said, it is a challenge, "but so is hunting a rabbit without a gun." He said the game was "unfair" for a lot of reasons. Your best hope, he said, was for the All-Stars to make fewer mistakes. But that was a whistle in the wind against a team like Miami.

"We looked at six films of the Dolphins," he said. "We couldn't find one real weakness, where you could say, 'There, that's what we'll attack.' Don has done a great job. It's the best coached team I've ever seen."

Nevertheless, McKay thought he had a workable game plan. Simply put: run right at Miami, muscle to gristle, double-team the tackles and send his exceptional fullback, Sam (Bam) Cunningham, one

of eight USC players on the squad, to clear out the linebackers. "I've never had anyone block like old Sam," McKay said. "He explodes." He envisioned Cunningham brutalizing the Miami linebackers and runners like Armstrong sifting through.

But McKay had not entirely abided by his own strategy, and ironically it cost him the one player he thought his best weapon. Cunningham injured his knee in the only scrimmage the Stars held, one that had been requested by the players. The fullbacks behind Cunningham were not in his league as blockers.

Still, it was an exceptional group, McKay said, and though he did not think they could win, "the longer we can keep it close the better our chances." Start stumbling into one another, though, and "it's 28-0."

The Dolphins had no flagrant criticism for the game. Defensive Tackle Manny Fernandez said it always bored him on television and he considered it a waste of time. Csonka, on the other hand, shook off a painful leg injury—a bruised thigh—to declare his readiness. "It's a football game," he said. "I like to play football."

Shula said he would just as soon be in



the game every year "if it meant we were Super Bowl champions," but it had made demands for a level of efficiency not easily attained so early. Afterward, when asked if he would have turned down the invitation if given the option, Shula made a studied pause and said, "No, I'd play it." The tradition, he said, and the charities it benefits, and the reprochement with the colleges it brings are things worth preserving. (Shula does not discourage his draftees from playing in All-Star Games.) He said the closeness of this particular game "was proof enough" that it was still a competitive event. "We could just as easily have lost," he said. Without saying so, he gave the impression he had thoroughly enjoyed playing chess with John McKay.

McKay thought he could wait off Miami's redoubtable running game, at least for a while, and force Coonka and Jim Kick (in the absence of the injured Mercury Morris) to go outside. He cited his menacing demeanor: Malenstak, Nebraska's Rich Glover, USC's John Grant. The linebackers were told to stand fast in the face of confusing Miami traffic patterns to neutralize Shula's well-conceived influence plays. Coonka gives a lot of yards on those, thundering back into ter-

run vacated by linebackers reacting to the flow.

At first it did not seem to matter what McKay thought he could do. Miami took the ball and rammed it down his team's collar. A Kick here and a Zeek there, and one Griese completion, and it was 60 yards to a touchdown in 10 plays. Coonka scoring.

But then three factors turned the game around for a spell. One, every time Punter Ray Guy (Southern Mississippi and the Raiders) swung his foot he pinned the Dolphins to their goal as surely as if they were butterflies on a corkboard. In succeeding possessions the Dolphins had to crank up from their one, 17-, 23-, 13-, 28-, 10- and 11-yard lines. Two, Griese was suffering an off-night. Hurred and hesitant, and with an outstanding All-Star secondary led by Burgess Owens (University of Miami and the Jets) surrounding his receivers, he was sacked four times. He blamed "rust." And three, Bert Jones was almost perfect. No 28 0 quarterback he.

Late in the second quarter Jones achieved a first and goal on the Miami one-yard line, due principally to runs by and a pass to the duly chastened Otis Armstrong. And there at the one, two

things McKay feared came to pass. On second down, after one half-bested play, McKay sent the hurtling Cunningham into the game. A fraction before the snap, the All-Star right guard moved. And so did Cunningham. Five-yard penalty. After two more plays the Stars had to settle for a field goal.

In the fourth quarter Jones really let one fly, over 50 yards up into and down out of the uncertain lighting of tired old Soldier Field. And into—and out of—the hands of Barry Smith (Florida State and the Packers) running full tilt at the Miami 20. It was the All-Stars' last hurrah.

Thirty-nine-year-old Earl Morrill, in relief of Griese, mastered the Dolphins for a clinching 23-yard touchdown drive, passing for most of it and then giving it to the football lover, Coonka, who ran over two defenders and carried a third into the end zone from seven yards.

One of McKay's assistants, in assessing what he had seen in the Miami films, said before the game that he didn't care "how great the Miami offense is, the Dolphins win on defense." In the second half the All-Stars made one first down and a net seven yards.

But it had been a full night's work, all of it. When Shula came out the walking wounded there was one broken finger and numerous contusions, abrasions and muscle strains, and he concluded that it had indeed been heavy duty. In the other dressing room as undetected John McKay smiled at his cigar and said he'd gladly take these All-Stars to Seattle right now and start a franchise.

"Better yet," he said, "just give 'em to Don Shula. He'll have 'em in the Super Bowl in three years." **END**

Bob Griese, All-Star again, joined "rust."





Betty, seeded No. 8, moved up to No. 1.

A SWEET 16 DANCE AT CHARLESTON

Betty Nagelsen beat Jeanne Evert in the Girls' 16 in West Virginia, turning a possible amateur swan song into a farewell

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

more in the California serve-and-volley style. She decided on the strong net game three years ago because, as her mother Mrs. Charles Newcross says, "Betty just couldn't stay back. She's so quick and active." Since that time Betty has been trying to put her game together, and the week before last showed signs of doing so as she reached the semifinals of the Girls' 18 Clay Court Championships in Memphis. Still, at the start of last week no one at Charleston was prepared for the show she put on. Seeded sixth, she beat the sixth, third and second seeds to reach the final against Jeanne, and she took the court the crowd favorite, not just because she had played so well in her previous matches or was the underdog but because there are tennis buffs, judging from comments in the stands, who find the Evert baseline game boring no matter how miraculous the retrieves. For what it's worth, Betty, a little 5' 7", had an advantage in reach over Jeanne, who is 5' 1", and at 16 she was also older by a year.

In the first set Jeanne played to form, forcing Betty into errors by hitting deep to her backhand. Jeanne also kept moving her opponent around the court, and the strategy worked as she won 6-4. Then Betty began clicking with volleys and sharp placements that caught Jeanne out of position. Her serve, particularly to the ad court, was very effective. To meet the ball Jeanne had to stand several feet behind the baseline, and although she was not used, she was handicapped a number of times.

Betty won the second set easily 6-2, but immediately lost the first two games of the third set. Then she bounced right back. "She can play bad for two games and great for four," Jeanne later pointed out. Leading 5-4, Betty could have taken match point when Jeanne, after a long rally, hit a forehand that went very deep. Some spectators thought the ball was out, but it appeared to have ticked the outer-edge of the baseline.

The match seemed to 6-6, and then in the tie break Jeanne seemed a certain winner with a 4-2 lead after Betty double faulted. Serving, Jeanne had three opportunities to get one point. "That's when I decided to go to the net," Betty said. "I would rather lose at the net than lose in the backcourt. I have a feeling no one is going to beat her if they're standing back. I know I couldn't." She tied the score at 4-4, one point on a deadly smash. As spectators murmured and sucked in their breaths, Jeanne served. Betty remained deep down the middle. It did not look like a difficult return, and Jeanne arched a high pop-fly lob. But as it started to complete its trajectory, it lacked the eyes that Jeanne's lob's ordinarily possess, and when the ball landed beyond the baseline Betty, who had raced into position, leapt in joy.

This win was the biggest of Betty Nagelsen's career. She deserved it. She played brilliantly, and although her game is not without fault, she is extremely promising. "That happens with her type of game," Jeanne said. "She used to make more errors—now she is steadier. I thought I played well, but she played better."

Interestingly, the night before when Jeanne was talking about her father, who was in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., teaching brother John, she said, "If I win, he doesn't make a big deal. He'll say, 'Nice match, Jeanne.' If I lose, I feel like I've let him down, but he'll say, 'Jeanne, Betty must have played really well.' " No sooner had Jeanne uttered Betty's name than she quickly added that she was thinking too much about the match the next day, and she changed the subject.

Betty will continue to play as an amateur, and her game is expected to get better when her teaching pro, Frank Brennan, moves to St. Petersburg, Fla. from New Jersey this September.

For Jeanne the loss was disappointing, for she badly wanted to win the title Chris had taken in 1970. It also may have been

Events took a devilish turn last week in Charleston, W. Va., capital of the state that calls itself "Almost Heaven." Out in the Fort Hill section of town most residents stayed off the streets and bolted their doors while a murderer was on the prowl. And nearby at the Charleston Tennis Club, site of the only annual national tournament of any kind held in the state, No. 1 seed Jeanne Evert, short, plump sister of Chris, swept through her opponents in the USLTA Girls' 16 National Championships only to lose the title on the last point of a five-out-of-nine sudden-death tie breaker to a long shot named Betty Nagelsen.

Only the day before Jeanne had beaten Susan Mehmedharich of El Cerrito, Calif. 6-2, 7-5, prompting her defeated opponent to say, "She's a machine. She drives you up the wall." Like Chris, Jeanne has a baseline, ground-stroke game, at times retrieving balls in a manner reminiscent of W. C. Fields playing Ping-Pong. An icy steadiness denotes the Evert family game, and if anything Jeanne uses her relentless defense even more than Chris to force or exasperate an opponent into error. As Jeanne says, "I think maybe I make fewer errors, but Chris makes more winners."

The championship match with Betty Nagelsen for the so-called Sweet 16 title offered the prospect of contrasting games, a sort of puncher vs. counter-puncher encounter. Although Betty comes from St. Petersburg and the soft clay courts of Florida—just about the same consistency as the Haul-Tru composition courts at Charleston—she plays

her last chance at an amateur championship. She is on the verge of turning pro—indeed, may do so any day.

On the pro circuit Jeanne and Chris will prompt comparison. In their father's opinion Jeanne's forehand is better than Chris' at the same age. Both use two-handed backhands, but with differences. Jeanne's is more of a flat stroke while Chris hits over the ball. Jeanne lets go with her left hand after making contact, but Chris keeps both hands on the racket. "My husband never taught that [the two-handed backhand]," Jeanne's mother, Colette, says, "but the girls did it because they were so small. He tried to break Christie off it when she was 11 or 12, but she just lost all control, it didn't come natural, so he said to use two hands."

The fact that Chris is a professional, to say nothing of Jeanne's plans, is a surprise to the Everts. "My husband started the kids in tennis because tennis had done so much for him in the Depression years," Colette explains. "Bobby Riggs helped pay his fare to go to Forest Hills. My husband lived a block away from the Chicago Town and Tennis Club, and he worked for the pro there, George O'Connell. In return the pro gave him lessons. He got a scholarship to Notre Dame and he was captain and No. 1 player. He just felt that if the children all had a sport like tennis they'd keep it the rest of their lives. But he never had the idea of developing national champions."

Going on about her girls, Mrs. Evert says, "The reason they haven't developed a net game is because they learned on clay, and clay is slow. My husband feels that ground strokes are the most important factor in building a good game. Later on you can work on coming to the net because your ground strokes will get you there. Another reason my husband didn't teach them net is that they could be pushed. Had they been taller he might have started them earlier on the volleys."

"The serve doesn't come naturally to them," she continues. "Drew [the oldest] has an excellent serve. I wish the girls could have it. The serve, the volley and the overhead are three areas that need improving. Christie has worked on those the last three years. Her serve is definitely improved and her overhead, too, but when she gets in a match she still lacks confidence, especially in the volley. So that's what she's working on now. Jeanne's learning from Christie's expe-

rience, and she's starting earlier to practice those three shots."

In practice Jeanne and Christie sometimes play for points. "She wins the majority," Jeanne says. "My game is the same as Christie's, but she's better at it. Her weaknesses and mine are the same, but mine are more obvious. She can cover the court a lot better. Her overhead is better. Her drop shot's better. Her backhand is her best shot, but I think my forehand is stronger than my backhand."

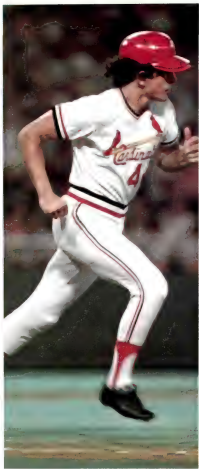
With Jeanne joining Christie as a pro, Colette is grateful that she and her husband won't have to be with one or the

other on the road. "It gets kind of hard with three children playing in different tournaments," she says. This week, for example, she is off to Knoxville to be with John in the Boys' 12 championships.

Jeanne looks forward to the professional life. "I've played juniors since I was seven, and I've been playing the same people over and over. When I turn pro I'll get to travel and play different girls. In women's there's a lot of depth. I just hope I don't tighten up. I think I'll do O.K.," Colette Evert has no fears. She says, "I don't think it will change anything except her bank account." **BBW**

Jeanne played the baseline with a two-handed backhand, but a net game carried the day.





CASHING IN THOSE INTANGIBLES

The Cardinals' roving recovery from their early-season debacle is attributable in part to a pair of fine rookies and clutch performances by old and young, but some ancient St. Louis magic is at play, too **by RON FIMRITE**

When it comes to pulling oneself together after things have gotten hot, the misadventurous phoenix of ancient legend and the 1973 St. Louis Cardinals are obviously birds of a feather.

The phoenix, mythologists insist, would set itself up in a nest and, in what certainly seemed a bird-brained gesture, set fire to the place, thereby regenerating itself. Then, simmered down, it would rise anew from its own ashes without so much as a bluster showing and, not even pausing to claim the insurance, flap off to immortality.

That is pretty much what the Cardinals have done this year. They spent the first six weeks of the season making ashes of themselves, then, when apparently dead and gone, they sprang to life again and flew all the way to first place in the National League East, where they now perch happily, if not immortally.

Considered at least outside contenders for the division championship at the start of the season, the Cardinals hardly got off the ground in those dreadful first weeks. They lost 12 of their first 13 games and by the second week in May had a record of five wins and 20 losses. By May 14 they were 11 games out of first place and apparently moribund.

The Cardinals had no one but themselves to blame for their dispiriting state; they were not hitting, and their defense begged description. Ray Bose, an angular shortstop who in spring training had aroused some observers of the Cardinals' "Mr. Shortstop" of the 1980s, Marty Marion, soon proved that the resemblance was superficial. In his first 24 games Bose committed 11 errors. Burdened with the responsibility of stepping into Marion's legendary shoes, he was, in the view of sympathetic teammates, "tight as a drum." But more than errors of commission were ruffling the Cardinals.

"In one game we were not charged

with a single error," recalls Jim Toomey, assistant to General Manager Bing Devine, "but I counted 34 mental blunders—guys throwing to the wrong base, getting caught off base, that sort of thing."

"We were just getting burned," says the bruising catcher, Ted Simmons. "We were blowing the key plays. After a while we started asking ourselves, 'What is this gonna stop?'"

The answer came on or about May 16 when the Cardinals took the first of two games with the Cubs. Then, after a mostly rain-soaked swing through the East, they returned home on May 25 with a four-and-one record for the trip. They won 11 of 13 in that home stand and, playing once again like professionals, were off and swinging.

It was not a steady climb, however. It took them three tries to clear .500, which in the dark days of April and May had been their immediate, if not ultimate, goal. "We were searching for some kind of respectability," says Simmons. They finally moved .500 on July 3 and have not descended to it since.

With the then-leading Cubs losing about as often as they were winning, the Cardinals named their sights beyond mere respectability. Their goal now was first place before the All-Star Game break. Here again they were nearly frustrated, for the Gums tripped them once and the Dodgers in two games before they finally defeated the Dodgers twice in succession to move past the Cubs by half a game on the final day before the break. They increased that lead to 1½ games by taking two of three from the Mets and splitting a four-game weekend series with the Cubs in Chicago.

It has been, by any criteria, a remarkable comeback and yet one for which there is no ready explanation. To the mystification of even their own front-office executives, the Cardinals were as outwardly buoyant and cheerful in defeat as they now are in victory. Even when the flames were rising all around them, there was never a suggestion of panic.

"The atmosphere here," said star skipper Joe Torre, sweeping the clubhouse with an appreciative glance, "was the same when we were five and 20 as it is now when we are in first place."

This invincibility may be attributed to the firm belief, as articulated by Second Baseman Ted Simmons, that "we knew at the time we were a better ball club than we were showing," or possibly to a certain infectious maturity that allows them to regard both fortune and misfortune realistically.

The Cardinals are blessed with a corps of intelligent veterans—Torre, 33, Left-fielder Lou Brock, 34, Catcher-First Baseman Tim Lincecum, 31, and Pitcher Bob Gibson, 37—and their influence on the young players is profound.

"A team needs people like us," says Gibson. "Not so much to teach the young guys about baseball as to teach them about life."

The grace under pressure shown by the players had its effect on the front office as well, although the executives cannot be faulted for suggesting that perhaps peace of mind originated there. No dramatic trades were contemplated, no exhortations on behalf of God and franchise were made during those long weeks.

"Bing was impressed by the fact that although the team's record was lousy, nobody on the field seemed to know it," says Toomey, himself an unflappable.

"I think the players were trying to convey to me that there was nothing to get excited about," says Devine, "so I figured if they could live in a fool's paradise, more power to them."

Although the Cardinals are more inclined to think they simply played their way out of the slump, they do willingly credit Manager Red Schoendienst with at least one particularly astute move, a move prompted, nevertheless, as much by accident as design.

Late in April, Second Baseman Simmons, who unlike so many of his teammates was off to a good start, pulled a hamstring muscle. He was placed on the Disabled List, where he remained until

The famous Cardinals were once again out in the shadows when Ty Cobb, 31, and Ray Kinsler, 22,

continued

May 17. On May 2 Mike Tyson, a stocky, red-haired rookie from North Carolina, was installed as Sizemore's replacement.

Tyson unimpressed even his fellow Cardinals with his brilliant hitting and though he had never hit higher than .245 in the minor leagues he held his own at the plate, thanks in no small measure to the coaching of special batting instructor Harry Walker.

"Harry has had me hitting to right field more," says Tyson. "It's enabled me to watch the ball better and stay with it longer."

When Sizemore was finally able to play again, Schoendienst felt compelled to keep Tyson in the lineup, so he benched the trusty Marion Anscom and sent Tyson to shortstop, where he has continued to play well and hit in the .340 range.

The Cardinals are fond of saying that Tyson has "solidified" their infield, which he probably has. But so has Ken Reitz, another rookie, at third base. Reitz, who ropes calves in the off-season, is an outstanding fielder who in the early weeks had trouble at bat. But, recently he has been hitting with authority and his average has climbed to .340. For further solidification, Sizemore continued to play and hit as expertly as he had before he was so rudely interrupted. And Torre, who can play first or third and hit .300, is always a solidifier.

Schoendienst also took steps to firm up the outfield. He switched Rightfielder Luis Melendez to center and Centerfielder Jose Cruz to right. Then when Cruz slumped at the plate, Schoendienst hurried a revitalized Benito Carbo into the breach. And Carbo, allowed to hit against left-handed pitching for the first time in three seasons, has raised his average 90 points in the last month to .280. He also gives the Cardinals a powerful and accurate arm in right field.

With Gibson, Rick Wise, Reggie Cleveland and Sisco Spinks, the Cardinals seemed to have a reliable starting-pitcher rotation. But Spinks, who missed half of 1972 with an injured knee, will be out virtually all of this year with a bad shoulder, and Gibson, a notoriously slow starter, lost five of his first seven decisions. In what first appeared to be relatively minor transactions, Devine obtained Alan Foster from the California Angels and Tom Murphy from a Kansas City farm team to plug the gap, and both proved surprisingly useful as starters and relievers. Then, as hoped, Gib-

son regained his customary 20-win form, losing but five of his next 14 starts.

And the Cardinal starters this year are benefiting from a much stronger bullpen, the star of which is Diego Segui. With 14 saves he has surpassed the team total of a year ago.

Still, with all this bolstering, the Cardinals are not exactly awesome. Although the fences at Busch Stadium have been moved in 10 feet in the power alleys and center field, the team is last in the major leagues in home runs, and only Torre is a legitimate threat to hit .300 for the season.

"The only things we really have going for us," says base-stealing champion Brock, "are outstanding pitching, pretty good defense and tremendous clutch hitting. Then, too, we've got the intangibles. We're heavy on intangibles."

"This team reminds me of the old Boston Celtics," says Torre. "Nobody scores over 20 points, but everybody scores 16. We also have a lot of young players who play like veterans and a lot of regulars who are not playing regularly. That's depth."

What they mostly have, though, is an inner security, a healthy sense of time and place. Gibson, an intense, occasionally sulky man, might be considered a loner, but he can say of his relations with his teammates, "You gotta clean your own backyard first, but you still have to be concerned with your neighbor."

Torre has a poster from *The Godfather* hanging above his locker. It does not seem out of place, for with his swarthy complexion, heavy brows and deep-set eyes, he has the look of a glowering gnu. But the menacing countenance is only a mask; he is among the pleasantest of athletes, so "coorginal," says Gibson, "that it ticks me off."

Wise, who at 27 is in his ninth major league season, has a professional manner befitting his surname. His calm was sorely tested last season when he became "the other guy" in the Steve Carlton trade. Carlton won 27 games and the league's Cy Young Award for Wise's old team, the Phillies, while Wise won 16 and lost as many for Carlton's old team, the Cardinals. Carlton's extraordinary success might have proved an embarrassment to a lesser man, particularly when Wise's poor luck is taken into account. In 35 starts he had not a single game saved for him by a relief pitcher and he lost 32 of 16 one-run decisions. With better luck he

might have won nearly as many games as Carlton. But he endured it all without complaint.

This year he has an 11-6 record to Carlton's 9-11 and was the winning pitcher in the All-Star Game, so which Carlton was not even invited. But Wise does not feel vindicated, nor does he admit to being annoyed by the invidious comparisons of a year ago.

"I am amazed that anyone even asks me about the trade," he said, puffing thoughtfully on a cigar the size of Henry Aaron's bat. "I don't want to mix any honors I've had this year with vindication. I have never worried for one minute about justifying that trade."

Through good times and bad, Wise has been warmly received by the St. Louis fans, who are among the most sophisticated in baseball. Even late-hour bar-room conversations there have an analytical thrust. And there is much reminiscing for this is a city with a baseball tradition that dates to the Civil War. The heroes of other times—Old Pete, the Rajah, the Fordham Ham, Me and Purl, the Wild Hoss of the Osage, Ducky Waddy, Harry the Cat, Country Slaughter and, prominently, Stan the Man—haven't faded a bit.

"The way to get on Ducky Medwick's good side," a cab driver was saying of the old Gas House Gang outfielder, "is to talk about pipes. That's what he likes to talk about: pipes. Nice fella, Medwick, when you get him on that subject. I learned from Duke Carnegie's book about winning friends that you always talk about something the other fella is interested in. With Medwick, it's pipes."

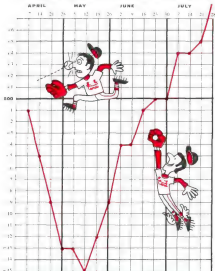
There is an old-home-week air about the Cardinals, a sort of cigar-and-Budweiser folkiness. Devine and Torrey were both raised in St. Louis, circa Gas House Gang, and few of the old Cardinals fly the coop.

"I've got a sentimental attachment to this town," says Harry Walker, who began his major league career in St. Louis 35 years ago. "Nobody has ever produced more excitement in baseball over the years than the Cardinals. It's a club people have always talked about, the way they used to talk about Brooklyn when the Dodgers were there. Remember when somebody'd say Brooklyn on a show or something, and people would stand up and cheer? A city without a major league team is a sick city."

Medal remains the ultimate Cardinal,

AFTER THE FALL, FANCY FLIGHT

His week-by-week chart traces the Cardinals' steep plunge before and below season average into about .500. In September they were eight games up, going strong



the standard on which Cardinals are founded. Since he retired as general manager six years ago for the less turbulent role of senior vice-president, he has been more a passive than an active influence, but he is still a formidable presence. A huge, lumpy statue of him is outside the stadium—"Here stands baseball's perfect warrior. . . . Here stands baseball's perfect knight. . . ."—and his restaurant is a gathering place for the sport intelligentsia.

Musil is trim at 52, still cracking out two-base hits in old-timer games. He is resolutely cheerful and dapper in a conservative mode. Ban the Man in pink double knits and an open-collared shirt would be unthinkable. He speaks in a high-pitched voice and he seems perpetually distracted, as if he were talking to more than one person at a time, which he generally is. To him the Cardinals are "we."

"We weren't all that bad in the start

of the season," he said, puffing the inevitable cigar in the office of his restaurant. "We aren't that good now. But it's a funny thing, when we were losing all those games, the players never thought of themselves as losers. That's the way it should be. All the winning Cardinal teams had that kind of spirit. This one hasn't. We got great tradition in this town. Look at that stack of mail over there. Fan mail? Not bad for an old guy retired 10 years now, is it?"

Red Schoendienst is another Cardinal of the old school. It is said that in the depths of the driven collar he betrayed not a single emotion, displayed not the least disappointment. He has a pink, ingenuous face, and he speaks like a country philosopher.

"I've been around this game a long time," he said, watching batting practice from the shade of the dugout. "I've learned to take the bitter with the sweet. All a manager and his coaches can do is keep the players going. If they keep playing, keep hustling, you just let the chips fall where they may. This race is far from over. Anybody in our division can win it. I don't think we've had an easy game all year."

That night the Cardinals swept a doubleheader from the Mets 13-1 and 2-1 before a home crowd of 35,557. Gibson pitched a six-hitter in the first game and, in his own cause, led a grand-slam home run. Foster pitched eight shutout innings in the second game, which was won by Torre's eighth-inning homer. Retic went four for six in the two games, and Cutler, who had three hits, threw out two base runners in the second game.

In Corry's Bar afterward there was a friendly debate on the relative defensive merits of young Tyson and Dai Maunill, the shortstop on the last Cardinal pennant winner in 1968. "That little guy could sure go get 'em," said an admirer.

A portly man somewhere in his cups was explaining to the bartender how his mother enrolled him in the VFW the day old Country Slaughter scored all the way from first on Harry Walker's single to win the '46 Series.

The memory entertained him, and he grew silent, poking his cigar explosively in the ashtray. He just sat there smiling and staring into the ashtray. It was almost as if he expected old Country to materialize in those ashes and thunder home one more time. In St. Louis, it just might happen.

END

HE IS NO PRISONER OF ZENDA

by COLES PHINIZY

Zenda, Wis. may seem an unlikely home base for an Olympic sailing ace, but that is where Buddy Melges first distinguished scores from cows

When the Soling, a nifty sloop of Norwegian origin, was picked as one of the classes for last summer's Olympics, many wise old owls and aspiring pussycats hopped aboard the new design to try for the gold medal. In the final U.S. Olympic Trials alone there were a dozen skippers who had won national or international titles in 18 classes. Of all the Americans lined into the Soling class, the logical favorite to win the Olympic berth was 43-year-old Harry (Buddy) Melges Jr., a lake-bred Wisconsin skipper of utter devotion and wayward heart. When it comes to jumping from one kind of boat to another, Melges (pronounced Mel-gus), the middle-aged boyish wonder of Wisconsin, has few peers. Be it a mere cockleshell or a big musel craft matters not. If a hull is alive, alive-o, Melges can make it go.

Abetted by his crew, Bill Bonser and Bill Allen, Melges did win the U.S. Soling trials on San Francisco Bay according to form and went on to win the Olympics at Kiel, Germany. His victory, though not surprising, was far from out and dried. Summed up, Melges' quest for the gold medal began as a nightmare in the Trials and ended upon a rout at Kiel.

In the first race of the Trials, deceived by the tide, Melges ran into the starting buoy and also failed to lay the windward mark twice. In the course of the race he went from first to dead last, up to second, back to 18 and finished fifth. Anyone who can wander through a classy field so erratically is no ordinary performer. He is a peculiar genius, a step-and-go Silky Sullivan more to be admired than scorned. Never one to rest on ambiguous laurels, in the second race of the Trials Melges did far worse. He cleared the windward mark second, but before the boat got lumping on the reach, the 35-knot wind carried away his mast. Since by the rules Melges could throw out his worst race, he still had a chance

and made much of it. In the remainder of the series he took three firsts and two seconds to win by 11.7 points over Lowell North, the 1968 Olympic Star champion.

At the Olympics on Kiel Bay the Soling skippers from 22 countries got in only six races in soft, dragging air. The cancellation of the seventh race mattered little. At that point, with three firsts, a second, a third and a fourth, Melges was leading Sig Wennerstrom of Sweden, the 1970 Soling world champion, by 23 points and already had the gold medal mathematically in his pocket.

A fortnight ago Melges was at it again. He crewed in the 3.5-meter sloop of Houten's Ernest Fay in two major regattas in Swedish waters, the Scandinavian Gold Cup and the world 3.5 championship. This redoubtable pair won the former with a sweep of three first places and the latter with three firsts, a third, a fourth and a fifth. Next Melges hops back into his own Soling for the North American championship at Toronto, a Canadian Olympic series at Kingston and the fight for the world Soling title, which will take place off Australia in January 1974.

In 30 years of hard, spasmodic sailing on lakes and on the sea, in light and heavy going, in the best of summer and the worst of winter, Melges has won high honors in a dozen classes of centerboarders and bigboarders, iceboats and iceboats. "The object of the game in any boat is to keep the sails ventilated and the hull moving," says Melges, and he should know, since he plays the game well, not only in featherweight hulls that slug along at 12 knots and screws that hit 30, but also in two-ton iceboats that can scorch it at 80 knots and better.

In the late '50s and early '60s, before he became too involved paying Higher taxes, being a proper parent and tilting at Olympic windmills, Melges tried five



BUDGETHELMER Melges enjoys a rail-down drink in Lake Geneva in an M-20 sloop.

times for the Mallory Cup, an odd turner that is symbolic of small-boat supremacy in the U.S. and Canada. In his Mallory quests he set a record, winning his regional round each time and the final thrice. It was a remarkable performance considering that he had never sailed in, much less raced, a Thistle, a Blanchard Senior, a Corinthian, a Crescent, a Ladder 16 or a Dragon—six of the seven classes involved in his Mallory campaign. In 1960, when the Mallory finals were sailed in E scows, the beloved skimming dunes of the inland lakes where he began, Melges sacked his rivals as the Goths did Rome, ringing up six firsts, a second and a third. In 1961, largely



because of his scattered genius in Malheur competition, Melges was voted the Martin & Rossi sailor of the year—the first such award. Last year, for his Olympic win in the Soling class, he was again selected as the Martin & Rossi man, a fitting tribute since Melges is very partial to martins and probably would not decline a Rossi if offered one.

Although he thrives on racing, Melges has proved he can live without it. His sailing career has suffered a number of interruptions, some unavoidable, some self-inflicted. The longest non-sailing period of his life was imposed by his parents, whom he offended himself as a light-ly when he was a tot. His father, Harry

Melges Sr., has always been an outdoorsman—a master bowhunter by trade and a racing skipper, angler, wildfowler and upland game hunter by preoccupation. Although the senior Melges was eager to pass his talent and loves on to his son, he was not the kind who would push a child into anything before he was half ready for it.

Melges was 10 when he sailed his first race in a Claw X boat, a popular junior class on inland lakes. But within a year his career suffered its first serious hiatus. World War II. Inland racing for seniors stopped, and junior competition virtually ceased. The senior sailors went to sea and the amateurs who built fine

racing hulls went to more real jobs.

During the war Melges' father signed on as field manager of a chicken farm. For a man who handcrafted exquisite sailing screws of oak, Sitka spruce and white cedar, switching to the poultry business was merely a profitable come-down, somewhat like quitting the Stradivarius Violin Works to take a better paying job in a Grand Rapids furniture factory. As soon as the war was over the elder Melges went back to boatbuilding.

The first craft produced after the war by the new Melges Boat Works were flat-bottomed rowboats, good for lake fishing and little else. The elder Melges started with this understated line in order

(Continued)

to meet his payroll and keep creditors at bay. As soon as he had a little morning room, he began making C-sows. The first C-sow off the farm went to his son, age 16. In the late '60s, in C-sows and E-sows, Buddy Melges did very well on the inland circuit. With back-to-back titles in the C-sow in 1949 and 1950, he was riding high when his career was again interrupted, this time by the Korean War.

Melges is not the sort of sporting soul who is easily contained, in war or peace. With no chance to sail during his Korean hitch he fell back on other sports. While learning artillery survey and fire control he played on the Hart Sell basketball team. At supply school on the Japanese island of Izu-Jima, he played on the baseball team. When his howitzer battalion moved up to the fluid front, if any engineer in his outfit had bothered to lay out a football field, Buddy Melges, the old Lake Geneva High School prober, would have been on it, taking his knacks.

Toward the end of his combat tour Melges kept sane mainly by hunting pheasant with a madcap over-and-under shotgun a crow had picked up at a PX in Seoul. Because the farmlands in his sector of Korea had been largely abandoned, game birds abounded. By simply taking a position on the elevated rubble of a building, like a Scottish bird armed with a Pardy on a stand, he often bagged half a dozen pheasant rising from

the overgrowth of grass and cane. "The hunting was easy," Melges says, "but I am not an Arkansas hunter. I never ground-sawed a bird in Korea. I took them all on the rise." His pheasant hunting in Korea was better than he had known with his father back home, albeit more chancy. Before going hunting he always checked the battalion fire-control center to see if any new missiles had been laid down on the perimeter. It also occurred to him that while he stood atop the ruins of a building with gun at the ready an infiltrating North Korean would have no qualms about ground-sawing him in unporting style. He simply considered the game worth the risk. On one occasion a rolling barrage from enemy mortars walked past his stand, but not close enough—he now reports almost in disappointment—to put up any birds from the cane surrounding him.

Once while roaming for pheasant, Melges found a slough where mallards settled in on the very edge of night. Although the wild-fowling proved poor compared to pheasant shooting, it was a good secondary diversion. "When he is fighting a war a man cannot live by pheasant alone," Melges points out. "He needs a little dark duck meat to keep going."

Half a year after his military discharge, while Melges was working on hull plans with his father back at the family boat yard, an Army colonel in uniform entered and asked if he was Henry Clemens Melges Jr., former sergeant, Army

of the United States. Although in all the details of sailing—the blueprintry of a hull, the cut of a sail, the tactics of ovaling a race—Melges has excellent recall, his memory of most other matters has more holes than a kitchen strainer. By the sheer lack of it, when accosted by the colonel, Melges did remember his own name and his former rank, and even part of his serial number. Satisfied that he had the right man, the colonel then proceeded to read a citation for the Bronze Star. "I don't remember the exact citation," Melges, the great forgetter, now reports, "but it was something about meritorious service." His battalion had caught only routine flares from the enemy, and he cannot recall having personally done anything very valorous. He suspects the Bronze Star had some connection with his spectacular pheasant dinners.

On one of his last sailing sprees on Lake Michigan before going to war, Melges met Gloria Wenzel. When he returned from Korea he asked for her hand, and they were soon married. Melges' stametes it was Gloria's beauty and charm that attracted him and not at all the fact that she had quite a reputation on the Chicago waterfront as an able sailor or in class boats and cruising competition. His claim is credible, since a skipper selecting a woman for his crew—by marrying her or any less binding arrangement—must consider not only her experience and brains but also her dead-weight. Although Gloria Melges has often crewed for her husband well, notably in scows in light air and also in heavy going that calls for a third hand to fill the weight allowance (she weighs 125 L most often she has had to stay on the beach).

The third major hiatus in Melges' career came in 1958, when he quit racing for a year in a righteous huff. After making the Mallory Cup finals in 1956 and 1957 and finishing sixth each time against such masters as Cox, Mosbacher, Ficker, Bond, Morgan and O'Day, Melges was eager for a third try, but back home he got a few blow from an old scow rival and friend. His friend—who in this account will be known as John Q. Nipruker—protested the participation of Melges and three other skippers in competitions of the Island Lake Yachting Association because they made boats and sails for a living. "The night before I heard about the protest," Melges recalls in disgust, "the man who made it was it





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my own home drinking my soda pop." Melges could have continued racing some until the protest was ruled on, and could have raced other classes regardless, but he did neither. When the protest finally was dismissed, he returned in slant-bang style, winning three Malory titles in a row.

A month before he won his last Malory sailing a Dragon, Melges hopped into another class, the Flying Dutchman, with an eye to the Tokyo Olympics three years away. In 1962, his first full year in a Dutchman, he won four of five regional events. The next year he did better, thanks to freakish weather and the devotion of his crewman, Bill Bentsen. For some curious reason the western end of Lake Geneva—Melges' plying ground—did not freeze over in the winter of 1962-63, so Melges and Bentsen could keep working out in a soft-water hull. Although Bentsen is a complicated deep-thinker encumbered with a doctorate in economics, he wasing through the Wisconsin winter in 30° air on the hiking trapeze of Melges' Flying Dutchman with the stagemindedness of a Barnum ape.

With Bentsen loyally winging for him, Melges won the North American title in 1965, the bronze medal at the 1966 Olympics, then two consecutive national titles in 1966 and 1967 and the gold medal at the 1967 Pan-American Games on Canada's Lake Winnipeg. His Pan-American performance was highlighted by the most bizarre race of his career—a disastrous event now rated in yachting annals as the Little Big Horn of the Flying Dutchman class. In winds climbing from 20 to over 40 knots, the Barbados breeze blew out her job on the way to the start. The Mexican hull capsized on the first windward leg, recovered, then retired with her traveler pulled loose. The Brazilian boat broke her rudder on the first reach. Puerto Rico capsized at the jibing mark and bowed out. Jamaica capsized four times before retiring. Breaching at the leeward marks, the Virgin Island boat lost the crews to her buoyancy tanks and was blown a mile off course before getting back afloat. The Canadian boat sprung her mast but struggled on, finally breaching on the downwind leg. Melges capsized once and knocked his mast askew. By the time he crossed the finish with a jib sheet rigged as a mast shroud, the rest of the fleet had been wiped out. He was all by himself.

Melges finished the summer of 1967 by competing in the world championships

at Montreal. Then—with another Olympics only a year off—he abruptly quit the Flying Dutchman class. He has never sailed it since, nor is he inclined to. Because his ninth place in the world meet at Montreal was his worst showing in major competition in any class, his quitting looked like sour grapes. It was, in fact, another case of honest disgust. By international rules a racing crew cannot use any power except "the natural action of the wind on the sails." Paddling, sculling with the rudder, moving from side to side to rock the boat, shifting weight fore and aft to "cock" the hull along are all expressly forbidden. Yet in dead air at the world championships of 1967 Melges saw a number of top contenders fudging on the rules. As he lay windless near the jibing mark in one race another sailor passed him, sculling with his rudder. "Would you like to borrow a paddle?" Melges shouted. His sarcasm was wasted. The sculler replied, "Do you have one?"

There is one certain way to beat Buddy Melges in a sailing race. All you have to do is get a dozen ducks and train them to fly in a circle formation rather than a normal wedge. If you then get the ducks to head south over the starting line of a race when they should be going north, Melges will come unglued. As if a total addiction to sailing was not enough, Melges suffers from waterfowl on the brain. His most persistent and successful sailing rival, Bruce Goldsmith of Chicago, observes, "If you get Buddy when he is tense right before a series he either won't talk to you at all or he'll talk about ducks—and he'll talk your head off about ducks."

When he quit the Flying Dutchman class Melges was hardly at a loss. By then he was a man of many parts. He had always enjoyed the boatbuilding business his father began and the sail loft he himself had started in the same small cornfield town of Zenda, Wis. He is as devoted as ever to all the classes of scows he has sailed, and he remains very loyal to *Freedom*, his 3,800-pound iceboat that throws him from its cockpit now and again in spin-outs at 60 mph. Leaving a spinning iceboat that may pitchpole at high speed is not recommended, but Melges pool-poohs the risk. Each time *Freedom* has thrown him, Melges has traveled through the air in a flat trajectory, striking the ice obliquely and sliding for 50 yards or more.

In the two years between quitting the Dutchman and getting aboard a Soling, Melges took on another love: he paid \$125 for a Labrador puppy named Oscar. Part of the time he would have spent working out in a Dutchman for the 1968 Olympics he devoted to training Oscar to be his boon companion and a field trial contender.

When Melges produces a batch of ribbons won by Oscar, it is best to be impressed. Oscar's prizes mean a great deal to Melges and they actually stand for a lot. Two years after he started training the puppy, Melges was offered \$10,000 for him. At the time the Melges family lived in a house overlooking Lake Geneva and were trying to ante up enough for a place right on the water. Gloria Melges idly pointed out one day that if they cashed Oscar in for 10 grand, their waterfront financing problem would be largely solved. Melges countered, "Why don't we sell one of our children?"

Melges today is as stepped as ever in sailing—but blessed still with a capacity to abstain. He was recently offered the helm of a 12-meter boat for the coming defense of the America's Cup. The challenge appealed to him but he declined, mainly because an America's Cup trial, extravagantly prolonged and blighted with foulplay, would not fit in with the loving loves of his life. In a U.S. Olympic Trials in any class, or a Malory quest, a sailor gets better competition than most cup trials offer. And Melges lives on competition.

Melges plans to keep sailing a Soling and the inland scows, where quality competition is guaranteed. Since World War II they have spread from the glacially remote regions of Minnesota and Wisconsin and the Jersey bays to man-made lakes across the Corn Belt, the South and the Southwest. Melges rejoices at the prosperity of the scows on two counts. He makes scows, and the scows made him. As he puts it, "The scows have an ugly-sounding name, and maybe they are not much for looks, but there are a lot of beautiful sailing lessons built into them." There must be.

END

In its struggle to gain access to the mainstream of American life, soccer, that colossus of international sport, has pined its hopes on a variety of devices: massive infusions of money (a failure), network television (discontinued), widespread junior programs (very successful), even six-to-six played indoors (bill a gimmick). Now the game has come up

straining for recognition. He is becoming soccer's Great American Hope.

Rote remains only a hope, albeit a promising one, because no one has yet discovered a way to produce an instant soccer star. Learning to read the ebbs and flows of the game is something that takes years of experience. Along with the fact that they are less proficient in the ind-

LEARNING THE GAME BY ROTE

Son of a famous football father, Kyle Rote Jr. has found he gets a bigger kick out of soccer. Now he is the sport's Great American Hope

with something else: a genuine, home-grown, 100% American superstar (maybe). Furthermore, this bright hope carries a name that hitherto has been widely identified with two of the country's most pervasive institutions, football and Texas. The name is Kyle Rote. Or, more precisely, William Kyle Rote Jr.

Kyle Sr., once a Texas high school football star, is remembered as an All-American Back at Southern Methodist and then as an All-Pro running back and flanker with the New York Giants. Through his freshman year of college Kyle Jr. followed in his daddy's cleat marks. At Highland Park High School in Dallas—which earlier had given the game Bobby Layne and Deak Walker—he captained the basketball and baseball teams and starred at quarterback and safety in football. By graduation he had 50 college scholarship offers and he chose Oklahoma State. "I was determined to go the football route," he says. "All the way to the pro."

Then young Kyle's seemingly resolve plans took a surprising turn. After one year he gave up his scholarship and left the fervent football atmosphere in Stillwater to become a paying student at the University of the South in Sevenson, Tenn. There his sport was soccer, which he fit into a crowded extracurricular schedule that included just about everything but football. As a result, instead of preparing to begin his second year as a professional athlete somewhere in the spotlight of the National Football League, Kyle Jr. has emerged today as a high-scoring center forward for the Dallas Tornado in the North American Soccer League. He is no Pelé but his value is considerable, for it is through Rote and others like him that U.S. pro soccer is



by GWILYM S. BROWN

visual skills of ball control, lack of game experience hinders American-born players in their attempts to beat out the NASL's array of foreign talent for places in starting lineups. Aside from St. Louis and Philadelphia, where the NASL teams have emphasized the homegrown product, hardly more than a dozen of the league's 44 native Americans are reg-

ular. They include Rote and the Miami Toros' Mike Seery, twice college soccer's outstanding player while at St. Louis University. Forward Gene Gelmer, a former teammate of Seery's at St. Louis U., is up among the NASL's leading scorers this season with seven goals and four assists for the St. Louis Stars. The New York Cosmos have Forward

Joe Fink, an NYU graduate who debuted in the fifth game this year and promptly punched in three goals. The Philadelphia Aztecs have Bob Rigny, an East Stroudsburg (Pa.) College graduate, the No. 1 draft choice this year and the league's leading goalie. Others include Al Trout and Buzz Dertling of St. Louis, Len Remy of the Cosmos and Bobby Smith, an outstanding defender with Philadelphia. As far as potential stars from the American delegation are concerned, that's about it, soccer fans.

"It is not a good situation," says David Sadler, a world-class player who is on loan to Miami from England's Manchester United. "It's no good just bringing in chaps like me. To make this thing succeed, you've got to have Americans that fans and future players can identify with."

His father's reputation, his own rugged, Texas-style good looks, his intelligence, his church interests and his dedication to presenting a good image to youth, all make the 22-year-old Rote come on like Mr. Clean. Which is fine, because soccer in the U.S. is not yet secure enough to get promotional mileage out of innuendo. Rote, therefore, seems an ideal choice to lead a new wave of American soccer heroes, if such a wave is ever going to build.

Kyle Rote Jr., the soccer player, came to his sport relatively late in life. His successful preoccupations with more typical U.S. games kept him athletically active until he was 16. That year, 1967, he and other members of the Highland Park football team tried soccer as a summer conditioner. One afternoon they learned what the game really was about. Their teacher was Ron Griffith, an Englishman from Blackpool who had come to the U.S. as a sports correspondent for a Scottish newspaper and was in Dallas to cover Dander United, the Dallas entry in the old United Soccer Federation. Driving by the high school, Griffith was amazed to see a group of Texas teen-agers playing soccer in the midsummer heat. They were doing it all wrong, of course. He stopped the car, rushed over and in 45 minutes of Lurcashire dialect tried to cover the fine points of the game. Griffith has been entrenched in the Dallas youth soccer program ever since.

"At first we were kind of offended by this guy with a funny accent who was bullying us," Rote recalls, "but we soon saw by what he taught us that we could

continued





INTENT KYLE STUDIES ON THE BENCH

NOTE continued

really improve. He explained that we should kick the ball off the side of the foot instead of the toe. He told us how to make the two-handed throw in from the side and even showed us the overhead scissors kick. We found out the game could be something more than a contradiction."

The following summer Griffith organized a tour of Britain for 28 young soccer enthusiasts, and Rote's interest deepened. He also played in a summer league in Texas before entering Oklahoma State. One year at Stillwater was enough for him to question if he enjoyed big-time football.

"My dad had as much to do with my thinking on this as anything," says Rote. "He had always needed an escape from football. We had a cottage out on Long Island where he used to go to write music and poetry and to paint. He drilled into me the importance of having a vacation outside of football, because football might not last long. After a year in an athletic dormitory enjoying the rich life—plenty of spending money, steak every night, that sort of thing—I realized I probably didn't have the self-discipline to live that way and still get any kind of an education."

The result was the switch to Sewanee (enrollment: 993), with psychology as a major instead of engineering, campus in-

volvement instead of isolation in a jock dorm, soccer instead of football.

"I missed football, but unfortunately the two games fell during the same season, and I just found soccer more enjoyable," says Rote. "It was a new sport in the school and we had a coach, Mac Petty, who was learning along with us. His attitude was great. There was none of the 'you do it my way or else' routine that exists so often in sports."

Rote graduated in June 1972, and married Mary Lynne Lykins, a sophomore from Rossville, Ga., in the Sewanee chapel the day after commencement. The new couple moved into a small apartment in North Dallas, and Kyle signed a contract with the Tornado, which chose him in the first round of the NASL draft.

Dallas' selection of Rote was dictated more by his local appeal than by his college accomplishments, but one soccer Tornado coach Ron Newman had witnessed one afternoon in the summer of '69 made the risk seem worthwhile. It was during a scrimmage between Rote's amateur team, the Black Bandits, and the Tornado.

"Kyle didn't look too polished, just big and strong," Newman recalls. "Then at one point the fellow who was marking him egged off just a little. Bang! Kyle was by him like a shot and positively cannoned the ball into the back of our net. Well, I thought, one goal might be a fluke. Then, a few minutes later, he did the same thing again. It was a pretty impressive performance. When his name came up in the draft, it was not hard to remember that tremendous potential."

The potential remained on the Tornado bench throughout 1972, a season in which the team moved from the Franklin Field at Hillcrest High School to the luxury of artificial turf, \$50,000 picture-window suites and the semidorms at Texas Stadium, the Cowboys' home in suburban Irving. But Rote showed during practice and in intrasquad games that he was developing. "Kyle was so amiable and obviously trying so hard that getting help from the other players was no problem," says Lasarpuddian John Best, an All-League defender who also serves as an assistant coach of the Tornado. "The problem was that he was getting a barrage of help. An indication of his high intelligence is that he was able to sift out what really applied to him."

From Forward Luis Juncu, a Brazilian who had played many times with and

against Rote, Rote learned the Pelé technique of always moving under tight, tense muscular control, ready to make a break in any direction, and how to bound into the air for a header while still looking around for the most appropriate target. From All-League Goalie Kenney Cooper, who is English, he learned the particular shots a goalie fears most, an unusual confession from a goalkeeper. Defenders Best and Dick Hull taught him how to outmaneuver a defender and maintain the strangest possible position. From Midfielder Bob Kiley, a South African who has played off over the world, the lesson was how to hit a low-sinker shot at the goal, one that dives, shifts and is extremely hard for a goalie to block.

"It was frustrating," says Rote, "but I never felt bitter. I figured my physical assets—speed, willingness to make contact and the ability to leap into the air—would help a lot even if I would never become very adept at controlling the ball with my feet." Even that skill is being improved, against some hangboards, on outdoor handball courts and off the walls of the Rotes' small apartment. "All the lumps are left on the floor behind the end table," says Lynne, "because that's where they'll end up anyway."

Fortunately, at six feet and 180, Rote is large for a soccer player. His position is more like that of a rebounding basketball center, who stays up near the goal, than of a playmaking guard. "Where Kyle is strongest is in the air, banging the ball around with his head," says Best. "And yet he hasn't come close to realizing his full potential in that area."

During preseason training this year Newman still did not realize Rote as a warrior. Rote's largest contribution to the club was being made in the front office, where he worked as General Manager Joe Echelle's assistant. But as the season opened drew near, Newman altered his opinion. "He was 259, better than the year before," says the coach. "It was amazing how quickly he was learning the more sophisticated versions of our wall play, the give-and-go and the rest. The more I watched him, the more it grew on me; he was my center forward."

It was at center forward that Rote opened the season at Texas Stadium against the Toronto Meises. A crowd of 19,142, including 12,000 local junior players, came despite a deluge, and Rote's performance sent them home

pleased. In a 2-1 victory he headed home the first goal, and his intimidating presence helped set up the winning score by John Collins, who kicked in a loose ball that had been punched away from Rote by Metro Gooch/Dick Howard.

"Oh, no," thought Best, when the game was over. "Why couldn't that kind of game have happened a bit later in the season when Kyle's had more experience. That's a tough act to follow."

Best's fears have been allayed. Rote, who is at his most useful when the tactics call for high passes lobbed toward the front of the goal, has become the league's leading scorer with eight goals and 10 assists as the regular season nears its close. (He is also helping the game. Dallas is averaging 6,662 per home game, up 2,852 from last season. The whole league is averaging 6,000, up 29%.) "The feeling of the players is that he is not out there because of his name or because he is American," says Best. "He's there because he's earned it."

There are other Americans on the club,

little-used Californians Gray Cannon and Gary Allison, who feel that being U.S. citizens, even in a league that is crying for them, can be a disadvantage because foreign coaches tend to discriminate against American players.

"Americans cause a problem that I don't think I've handled very well," Newman admits, "but until someone tells me different I have to go with my best. Nationalities have nothing to do with it."

The only American coach in the re-named NASL is Al Miller, whose Philadelphia Atoms are leading the league's Eastern Division (New York, Miami, Philadelphia) by a comfortable margin. Miller has been able to start from four to six Americans each game and win. "I don't think any of my colleagues discriminate against American players," he says, "but I think that a lot of the coaches underestimate them. Take Rote. He played an important part in our first game with Dallas, a 0-0 tie. Then in the second game Ron Newman didn't play him at all. I can tell you we were very happy to

have Rote on the bench, and we beat them 2-1. Often an American, despite his inexperience, will do better because he's hungrier."

Newman may be increasingly inclined to agree. Following a recent mediocre performance during a 1-1 tie with Miami in which he was covered by David Sadler, a free defender who played on England's 1970 World Cup team, Rote did not start the following week. The Tornado, leading the Southern Division by seven points, was playing second-place St. Louis. Rote on the bench, and at home in Dallas yet? It seemed an extraordinary gesture of little faith. Then, with 25 minutes left in a scoreless game, Newman put in Rote. He promptly booted in one goal and assisted on another, and the Tornado won 2-0 and began to pull away in its run for a berth in the late August playoffs.

Maybe the Americans are hungrier. And with desire and performances like Rote's, the country may yet develop an appetite for soccer. **END**

"How I rewired my taillights with a plastic straw and Dow Corning Bathub Caulk."



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Stepping out on a limbo

They come falling out of the summer sky, their chutes floating down like bright flowers that wilt upon touching the ground. To an innocent below—neck craned painfully and eyes watering—sport parachuting looks like the easiest of foolhardy endeavors, merely a case of descending from a great height while dangling from what seems to be a none-too-secure umbrella. Anybody who makes it back to solid ground without suffering physical or emotional bumps deserves acclaim as a returning hero. But competitive jumping is considerably more stimulating, exacting and even heroic than it appears. In some competitions there are tricky maneuvers to perform before reaching for the ripcord, in others there is a 10-centimeter target to hit inside a circle somewhere down below. Photographer Jerry Irwin, who relishes leaping out into space with camera in hand or on helmet, accompanied (and preceded) the jumpers in their world championships at Tahlequah, Okla. last year. His pictures on the following pages display the zest of the descent in this fast-rising game.





A lofty view of the sport is our thing, but while the jumpers are concerned more with precision than the scenery, observers below can look skyward into blossoming bursts of color. U.S. team member Charlie Hall (left) and the other incoming chutists are aimed at a target; the adventurer on right is packing up to join a team of demonstrators for an aerial show.







More than just a one-way elevator

The parachute is a peculiar item, a star that was born too soon and played some sager roles without really getting anywhere. The chutes used by paratroopers in World War II differed little from those used by balloonists 100 years ago to wow carnival crowds. For its first 150 years the parachute was, in essence, merely an air bag that slowed a falling body.

It was not until sportsmen turned to it after World War II that the chute became more than a one-way elevator. Today it is a high-performance machine. It is traceable, even docile, though when a novice's heavy hand is on the control toggles it sometimes becomes almost stubbornly human. The act of falling from a plane was once a simple spine-tinler, but as practiced now by sportsmen it is an elaborate art form, very precise and getting more so every year.

Such is the quickening pace that when the 20th World Parachuting Championships are held in 1990, one of the events might well be a musical exercise. In such a test each national team of 10 jumpers would take a grand plane up to 16,000 feet in a cargo plane, push it out and leap after it. As each chute gave the falling plane, he would give the series a quick tickle, the object being to see which team could come closest to completing Chopin's Minute Waltz in the prescribed time. Penalty points would be assigned for missed hits and bonus points awarded for passages rendered with feeling.

A walk played at terminal velocity, though fanciful, is altogether conceivable, considering how far the sport has come in so short a time; yesterday's miracle is tomorrow's ho-hum routine. In a magazine article 16 years ago Author

Robert Crichton marveled at the feats of French jumpers who were adept at passing a baton during free fall. "No one in the United States," Crichton observed, "has as yet mastered that one."

Within a year—and only two years after the sport began over here—Americans not only had the knack of it but were soon improving on the original theme, passing batons and a variety of items such as bottles of champagne and live snakes. For a while the gaudy stunts of parachutists upstaged the real sport. In 1965, violating FAA regulations and common sense, a daredevil inappropriately named Rod Puck jumped without a parachute pack, picked up one from a buddy while falling and landed safely. That same year Earl Davis, a Carolina tobacco worker, "taught" his two dogs to jump. That is to say, he frequently dropped them from a plane under a static-line canopy, claiming they enjoyed it because "they wag their tails on the way down."

More than 90 years ago French jumpers and their *hommes-assis* were holding hands and hugging and swooning in midair. Quite a few American Romeros and their jumping Ashtes were married in flight and then stepped out of the plane together. To the sweet relief of the U.S. Parachute Association and similar world bodies, this silliness has subsided.

The proof of the sport's success—and a tribute to its common sense—is the ever-increasing popularity and improving quality of competitive jumping. The first World Parachuting Championships, held in Yugoslavia in 1951, attracted 15 men and two women from six countries. At the 11th world meet last summer there were 145 men and 42 women from 31 countries. Twenty-two years ago in Yugoslavia the accuracy event was won easily by Salvador Canarozzo of Italy, who landed 26 meters from the bull's-eye. No-

body else came within two football fields of it. Last year in Oklahoma 111 of the 145 men and 23 of the 42 women made perfect scores at least once by touching down on a target disk 10 centimeters (roughly four inches) in diameter. A Czech jumper, Václav Kurba, made nine perfect scores in a row, then on his final jump blew sky-high, landing 8.72 meters off. The one bad jump dropped him from first to 10th place. The accuracy title went to a Czech teammate, Lubus Majer, who in 10 jumps had an average error of about half an inch.

Improvement in canopy design accounts in part for today's preposterous performances, but the excellence of the jumpers probably counts for as much. This is borne out by the advance that also has been made in the style event, in which a jumper is judged only on what he does before his chute opens. At the first world meet in Yugoslavia, competitors were scored solely on their ability to hold a stable, horizontal position in free fall. Two championships later stable fall was still the prime requirement, with bonus points going to anyone who could manage one or two figure eights in 25 seconds. Last year in Oklahoma the style winner was Frenchman Jean-Claude Arming, who never needed more than 7.7 seconds to complete two sets of alternating figure eights and back loops and averaged 7.18 seconds for five tries. The overall world title went to Clay Schoelple, a Hartwood, Va., jump instructor who beat out Anatol Guispev of Rumania by .015 of a point. In accuracy, Guispev beat Schoelple by an average of an inch and a half for 10 jumps. In style Schoelple made up the difference by averaging a 26th of a second faster. When men are willing to fall 10 miles in 15 jumps in quest of such slivers of time and space, they are hooked on a good game for sure.

—COLLE PAINZEV

In control—and on target: Tim Schensted (U.S.), Helene Tamsler (Czechoslovakia) and Bill Hayes (U.S.) arrive for services.

The New York Jets were having trouble concentrating on football. First, New York Daily News Reporter Kay Gilman rather unexpectedly dropped in on the Jet locker room, taking **Raining Back Mike Adams** completely by surprise. Then two Hofstra University seniors, **Seoni Daniel** and a sporting friend, showed up for practice claiming that "a coach with a Southern accent" had told them they could work out with the team. "Someone mentioned something about their waiting pads so nobody could tell they were girls," said Helen Daniel. Seoni's disbelieving mother. Then, after morning practice, **Wide Receiver Jerome Barkum** and **Assistant Trainer Mike Miles** were standing in the men's room when, Miles says, "I got a strange feeling. I turned around and there were two girls in stalls three and four—poking out at us over the top. I think they were waiting for Joe Namath."

And, adding a word of caution that he is not entirely serious all the time, it can be reported that **Lee Corso**, the new football coach at Indiana, claims to know exactly what he wants in the next assistant coach he hires. The next assistant will be a Ph.D. in education, experienced in physical education, athletically inclined, age 27 to 30, attractive—and a woman. "With a woman around, there will be a tendency to eliminate vulgarity and profanity," he says. Those who know Corso aren't baring any large amounts this will actually happen. On the other hand, they aren't wagering a whole lot that it won't.

Folks are faster than Volks—or so claimed San Jose Bee outfielder **Kenneth Davis**, who already has 62 stolen bases, only 13 short of the California League record Davis was hit \$50 by clubhouse manager and Catcher **Sam Board**

that he couldn't outrun a Volkswagen. Davis immediately accepted the bet, and Bee General Manager Larry Gihman had the promotional good sense to schedule a formal race for a Sunday baseball game. An anxious crowd of 1,361—over a thousand better than the Bee's average attendance—gathered to watch Davis and a Volkswagen do their thing across a 75-year stretch of outfield grass. "I think I can beat the Volkswagen as long as it's not scooped up," the outfielder said. "I don't care if it's an automatic shift." Well, Davis jumped out of the starting blocks to a big lead and beat the machine by three yards, though the Bug was gaining fast. Ready with success, Davis plans to try his wheels against a champion quarterhorse.

After years as New York's most flamboyant and aggressive jockey, **Manuel Ycaza** has taken up another kind of horsemanship—if you want to so describe international relations. He has become Panama's central general in New

York. With his many suspensions behind him now, the hideously controversial Ycaza said diplomatically that New York had "the best" stewards, and that his former profession had been wonderful to him for 20 years. "I rode hard all my life. I tried to please the public in every way," he said. "I did not want to hurt anybody when they put \$2 on Manuel Ycaza."

Here is a true confession by **Ron Luciano**, the American League umpire and former 6'4", 250-pound All-American tackle from Syracuse University. Several times a week Luciano prowls around, field glasses in hand, in the weeds near the dais in which he works games. He is an ornithologist, and one with a serious problem. "My car is not particularly good for birds," Luciano says. "I think it is because I have heard too many boos and jeers." Why has he been so sensitive about his prison? Well, Jim Bouton wrote in his book that one recreation of ballplayers on the road was being Peeping Toms, and here Ron was, a bachelor who always carried binoculars with him. And one could see another reason for wanting to keep binoculars under cover.

"Starting at first base for the Houston Astros—No. 9, **Jerry Lewis**...." In a real-life Walter Mitty role, the comedian played first innings for the Astros in a charity game against the Detroit Tigers and acquitted himself remarkably well, handling several chances in the field and hitting leadoff. First

time up he drove a walk. The next time he blooped a hit into right for a grand slam off a big-league pitcher, Mike Stinker. "This was the greatest moment of my life," Lewis said afterward very seriously. "I've played in inaugural games with the Giants, but this was the real thing, regular game conditions. And the whole time I was watching my toes in the stands. They were out of their minds. My 9-year-old hid his mouth open. He never shut it." Arriving at a dinner party later that evening, Lewis was still wearing his Houston uniform with his name and number stitched across the back. "You'll need a steel cleaver to get this off me," he said. "When I do you'll have to peel it off like a marlin skin."

■ After Princess Anne got engaged to equestrian friend **Lieke**, now **Captain Mark Phillips**, the London Daily Express' popular astrologer, **Lord Luck**, pompously consulted the stars and announced that, considering everything, "The marriage would be a very stable relationship." That seems to be a safe prediction. Certainly Captain Phillips looked happy enough, giving a contestant's number to the royal arm as Anne prepared to ride her horse Doodleb in the Combined Open Championship at Hickstead, Sussex. She won, advancing a step toward the European championships in Kiev, where she and her fiancé may complete together in September.

The pitching duel that airplane buffs had been anticipating all year finally materialized: **Messerschmitt** vs. **Fokker**. **Audy Messerschmitt** of the Los Angeles Dodgers shot down **Rick Fokker** of the St. Louis Cardinals with a seven-hit shutout, which is what the plane was expected. A World War II product should nap a World War I model every time.



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Time for a Catfish fry in KC

Most of what the American League had going for it last week in its tour by the National League All-Stars was provided by Kansas City. Amos Otis and John Mayberry supplied virtually all of the losers' external offense, and Royals Stadium, the American League's first no-idler to new ball parks in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, was resplendent. In turn, the game provided something special for Kansas City—an incident that just could determine the tight contest, which the surprising Royals, picked by many to finish fifth in the West, are waging with world champion Oakland. In the second inning Oakland's 15-game winner, Catfish Hunter, tried to knock down a ball from the bat of Billy Williams with his bare pitching hand and had to leave the game.

In his general manager's box, Cedric Tallis of the Royals turned to a companion and said, "That might be the per-

formance Jack McKen's made is not the best of his career as he spins the Royals.

next night there. But I wouldn't want to wish anyone an injury." Three days later Otis put it another way. Entering the Royals' clubhouse, he learned that Oakland had just lost its third straight game to Minnesota. Chained Otis, "Catfish Hunter's gone and Oakland's down the drain."

X rays after the game had revealed a hairline fracture of Hunter's thumb. "I figure he'll miss at least two games," said Tallis, "and even when he comes back he may not be sharp for a while."

The first genuine pennant challenge ever by a Kansas City major league baseball team comes appropriately in a year when the city is conducting a high-powered national advertising and publicity campaign to convince the country that Kansas City is now "in its prime time." Among its principal new assets are Royals Stadium and adjoining Arrowhead Stadium, a 78,000-seat facility for the Kansas City Chiefs, already sold out for 1973. Functionally handsome, intimate and bright, Royals Stadium includes a chatily communicative, computerized \$2 million scoreboard and a \$750,000 "water spectacular" in center field. The stadium is a county facility but Royals Owner Ewing Kauffman paid for the scoreboard and water show himself.

Among the most effusive of those at the All-Star Game in praising the Kansas City stadium and team was A's Owner Charles O. Finley. But Kansas City fans still regard him as an ogre, the man they claim pulled the greatest baseball rip-off in history by moving his Athletics, a sub-500 team for all their 13 years in Kansas City, to Oakland just when pennants were imminent. "We are fearful of the Royals," said Finley. "I'm happy for Kansas City fans. There are no better fans in the country." Those fans showed their continued hostility to Finley by booing every Oakland member of the All-Star team.

Tallis, Manager Jack McKen and all the Royal players think the team is at peak strength going into the final segment of the season. The recent addition of two left-handed relief pitchers, Steve Mingers and Joe Hooser, has filled a serious void. "They had been beating us from the left side," said Otis. Rick Reichardt's arrival from the White Sox gives McKen the sort of roster he had been

pressuring Tallis to acquire all season. Paul Schaaf's fine play at third, after a poor 1972 season, and the emergence of Fran Healy as the No. 1 catcher have also helped.

And the Royals are looking appreciatively at the schedule ahead. After the All-Star Game Kansas City was to play 18 of its next 27 games at home, while Oakland would be on the road for 14 of its next 21. "We've had our grind," said infielder Cookie Rojas. "Now they can have theirs." This optimism was immediately borne out. In the first series played by the two teams after the All-Star break, Oakland dropped those three straight at Minnesota while Kansas City took two out of three at home against Chicago and moved to within half a game of the A's. And just as Oakland lost Hunter, Kansas City was regaining its big winner, Paul Spletteroff, who had been out more than two weeks with a back injury. Spletteroff promptly beat the Sox 3-0 on a three-hitter.

McKen says the key to Kansas City's chances lies in the quality of its pitching. "Spletteroff and Dick Drago will give us some of the consistency we need," he said. "Steve Busby and Ken Wright must do the same if we are going to win. I think we can. Twice we've lost five in a row, each time everybody tried to write us off. There they go, that's the end of them," they'd say, but we're still here."

The Royals probably reached their low point of the season at 2 o'clock on the morning of July 2. As the team was being driven from the airport home to the stadium, where wives were waiting, the bus had a flat tire. The team had lost six of eight to California, Oakland and Texas and had dropped from first place to fifth. What McKen calls his "vacuum cleaner infield defense" had shown symptoms of a panicked bag. Outfielder Lou Piniella was angry at McKen and some other players had been arguing acrimoniously.

Later that day McKen called a team meeting. "I told the guys we had to regroup," he says. "Let's relax and each player do his own job. We've passed a period when everything seemed to go against us. Let's go back and do the little things that made us successful earlier." From then until the All-Star break Kansas City won 12 of 20, closed on Oakland and broke out of the logjam with Minnesota, Chicago and California. All that despite the fact that Mayberry, who

had been leading the league most of the season in home runs and RBIs, went 10 games without an RBI and 13 without a homer.

Outsnapped up a lot of slack. By All-Star time he had 20 homers, five more than he had ever hit before in a season. His 59 RBIs were only 22 under his previous season high. "He's the best centerfielder in baseball," asserts McKeon. "He is now a well-disciplined hitter. He waits for his pitch and knows what to do with it."

"Hitting just before Mayberry," says Oles. "I'm able to wait for my pitch." As for Big John, he was happy last Thursday when, after picking up his 84th win of the season, he finally smacked a home run against Chicago. "It was a genuine John Mayberry shot," he avowed, "a line drive right out of there. What I'm hoping is that somebody hitting behind me gets hot. I'm not talking about going 3 for 4 with a couple of bunts. I'm talking, man, about somebody going on a rampage and getting four or five homers in a week."

The Royals got what McKeon calls "a spiritual lift" when Talia, who has built the Royals largely with a series of astute trades, obtained Keri Bevacqua over the winter from Cleveland in return for Pitcher Mike Hedlund. Hedlund is now in the minors, like so many players Talia has traded away. Known as Dirty Keri because his headbanging dives for balls tend to soil his uniform, Bevacqua has kept relatively clean on Royals Stadium's artificial turf. But he still dives for grounders and his exuberance and humor have kept season fans on the Royals. So far he has played every where but center field, shortstop, catcher and pitcher.

Seeing Bevacqua and Dugas, both of whom wear long mustaches, togged out one day in boots, wide-brimmed black hats and black pants, Royal Broadcaster Bud Blalmer dubbed them the Bohemian Bandits. They revel in the name. Bevacqua has posted over his dressing cubicle a sign reading: WHEN YOU'RE HOT, YOU'RE HOT. Though his agent Bevacqua is now offering an 11 x 14 photograph and a 25 x 38 poster of himself. In the photograph he is sitting in a reclining chair wearing only bathing trunks. The poster shows him in black hat and black leather pants wearing bandoleros over a nude torso. Price for the two: \$5.

When Ewing Kauffman replaced Bob Lemon with McKeon last October he

promised Kansas City fans five pennants in the next 10 years. Thousands scoffed. But last week Royal officials were making contingency plans, including ticket-printing schedules, not only for a divisional playoff but for a World Series. "I hope getting on the All-Star Game, strenuous as it was, turns out to have been a rehearsal for staging the playoffs and the World Series," said the Royals' publicist, Bob Wier. "The All-Star Game involved a lot of work," said Talia, "but I'll be glad to make the sacrifice again in October."

THE WEEK

by HARRY McDERMOTT

NL WEST Cincinnati was making the rest of the division see Reds, winning four of five to elbow closer to the front-row Dodgers. The Reds, losing only five games in three weeks, have picked up five games on L.A. since July 1. Pete Rose, with 45 hits in his last 110 at bats, had the league lead among regulars. A 193-Johnny Bench sailed Atlanta, driving in six runs to increase his total to 77. That, too, topped the NL. And when leftfielder Fred Norman beat the Braves it was his eighth win since he joined the team in June. Right-hander Gary Nolan, who had been on the disabled list with a sore shoulder since Opening Day, reported for work, but Shoemaker Dave Conquegan broke an ankle in a game with Montreal. He could be lost for the season.

Lee Dusscher may have been celebrating his 47th birthday, but the angry Houston manager's hearing was still acute. He overheard a remark by a disgruntled pitcher, Don Wilson, that was unfattering to him, and responded with discipline. Wilson paid a \$300 fine, then threw a good seven-hitter at Atlanta, but the Braves lost 3-1 when Henry Aaron singled home the winning run in the ninth inning. Having home run No. 700 under his belt, Aaron displayed other offensive powers: He stole a base on Johnny Bench.

L.A.'s Tommy John, fully recovered from off-season elbow surgery, won his 10th game and his first standing ovation by beating the Astros. "That's the first time it's ever happened to me," said John. "I tipped my hat but I really wanted to take it off and wave to all those wonderful people. The fans would love it—but the players would have called me a hot dog." The Dodgers defense was a little doggy in a loss to San Francisco, making six errors.

Shortstop Eusebio Hernandez returned to the Padres' lineup and San Diego ended a seven-game losing streak. All-Star MVP Bobby Bonds evaded three homers as the Giants won four of five.

LE 50-50 CIN 50-49 SF 50-41
HOU 52-52 AT 47-48 SD 34-38

NL EAST Montreal slowed galloping Philadelphia to a walk by sweeping a three-game series after the Phils had crept to within 2½ games of first place. Philie Shortstop Larry Bowa suffered a broken leg in one of the losses, entering despondent Manager Danny Crank to boot. "This has to be my lowest point," Wayne Twitchell noted the Philie story with a shudder of the Pecos, dodging his fastball and afterward explaining his lack of a pecking cannon with a cerebral rangle: "Better after lunch, they're a fastball team."

The sizzling Chicago Cubs were the only Eastern team with a losing record for the week, dropping four of five and falling 2½ games out of first place. Their last victory was over Pittsburgh, the completion of a game suspended on April 21 because of darkness, a time when the Cubs were playing superlative baseball. In one part of losses Cub pitchers gave up 34 hits.

The Pirates' young outfielder, Kirby Zuck, was fanning the ball at .363 for the month and his team won four of six during the week, bringing the sound of footsteps to the Cubs and the strident bawling of a cash register. The Mets ran to scores, losing to St. Louis 13-1, then two days later trouncing Montreal 11-3 as the division race howled on with only 15½ games separating the top and bottom teams. "Nobody is going to open up a viable gap between themselves and the rest," said Gene Mauch. "It hasn't happened in 100 games, so why should it happen the rest of the way?"

STL 52-38 CHG 48-50 PIT 48-50
MON 47-52 PHO 47-44 NY 44-52

AL WEST The Texas Rangers opened some eyes by winning six in a row, including a memorable doubleheader sweep over the California Angels' Nolan Ryan and Bill Singer. More than 25,000 fans saw the Rangers score 15 runs in those two games. They also saw phenom David Clyde get his second victory and Jim Bibb throw a two-hitter. Bibb now has pitched only two- and four-hit games, as well as a pair of five-hitters. "When I started to throw some sliders and some breaking stuff, everything began to go fine," he explained. Veeran infielder Jay Fregosi, rescued from the New York Mets' bullpen, seems to have had a setting effect on the Rangers. "I think I've proved that I'm not over the hill at 31," Fregosi said.

Continued

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BASEBALL Continued

Minnesota shocked Oakland with a three-game sweep, took single games from Boston and Chicago and jauntily vaulted into third place. Catcher George Mitterwald contributed four home runs, and former Manager Bill Rigney, who had used him sparingly last season, commented, "Mitterwald needed to mature, to grow up."

Oakland managed to win its other two games, but was pumpeled for pitchers. Winning only once, the Angels plopped into 8th place, and now have lost 12 of their last 17 games. Chicago gained Wilbur Wood's 19th victory but lost General Manager Stu Holcomb, who resigned.

OAK 57-45 KC 57-45 MIN 53-47
DET 50-52 CAL 48-51 TEX 51-52

AL EAST

The season resumed on an ominous note for second-place Baltimore. In the first inning of the Orioles' first game after the All-Star rest, Pitcher Dave McNally was carried off the field on a stretcher after a line drive from the bat of Cleveland's Chris Chambliss smacked into his left ear. But then the glow faded. Although McNally suffered a hairline fracture of the jaw, he could be back pitching this week. And the Orioles gained ground on the Yankees as Jim Palmer pitched a one-hitter against Cleveland, a feat mirrored only by George Herdick's single. Said Manager Earl Weaver, "Jim told me recently that he felt so good he might not lose another game the rest of the season."

Reg Frank Howard had a big hand—or bat—in three straight Detroit victories. He hit three home runs, which equaled his prior 3½ months' production.

The Yankees were encouraged by the return of Steve Kline (16-9 last season), who had been out since June 25 with a sore arm. Kline pitched 3½ innings in relief and did not allow a run as Milwaukee squeezed out a 5-4 win, one of two Yankee defeats.

Cleveland, Milwaukee and Boston could gather only one victory apiece. Indian rookie Charley Spikes, a reputed streak batter, roiled past glories in the minor leagues where he once had seven home runs in seven games—by whacking three home runs in three days. After blossoming as ridiculous any criticism that his bullpen was crippled by the absence of a left-handed arm, Milwaukee Manager Del Crandall took Chris Short out of the starting rotation and moved him to the bullpen. The left-handed Short responded with a save against the Yankees. Smokebombs when it comes to Detroit, Boston lost two games in the Tigers and fell nine games below the .500 mark against them. The Red Sox were 16 games above .500 against the rest of the league.

NY 55-45 BALY 54-43 BOSY 52-46
DET 52-48 MIL 48-51 CLE 50-51



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Mannerly murder in Minsk

Russian fans greeted the Americans with roses, but that did not stop the U.S. team from having a prickly time as both the men and women lost

A **A** evidence of improved relations between the United States and the Soviet Union—perhaps in *honor* their campaign to stage the 1990 Olympics in Moscow—the Russians lavished uncommon cordiality on the visiting U.S. track team last week in Minsk. But, while the U.S.S.R. was killing the Americans with kindness, there was a different sort of slaughter occurring at the stadium during the 11th Russian-American meet. There the U.S. was getting it in the neck.

Repeating their home victory of 1970, the Russian men won 121-112, handing the U.S. men their third loss in the series, even though the teams split first-place medals 11-11. For the American women, it was decidedly worse. On the opening day the Russian women finished one-two in every individual event and then added the 400-meter relay to their haul. The U.S. situation improved the next afternoon when Patty Johnson ran away from the hurdles field, Martha Watson long-jumped 21' 7½", and tiny Mary Decker, the darling of two continents at age 14, outkicked Olympic silver medalist Niede Saxena to win the 800 meters. Soft, the Russians took the women's competition for the 10th time 95-31. The combined score read U.S.S.R. 216, U.S.A. 163. It was the first time either team had exceeded 200 points.

The lopsided score should have cheered the two-day total of 85,000 fans at Dynamo Stadium. Instead, they remained as sullen as the huge portrait of Lenin, who cradles signs at the pole vault pit beneath him, where the U.S. was supposed to take first and second but finished three-four, and where little Jeff Bennett vaulted only 12' 1¼" to lose the decathlon. For zealous boorishness, Minsk rivaled any crowd Philadelphia can assemble. The European whoops, equivalent to our boo, was directed at a humiliated Valery Borzov, the double gold medal sprinter at Munich, and at javelin thrower Janis Louis, a five-time

winner in the Russian-American series.

Borzov, 20 pounds overweight, had to scratch from both sprints and proved no match for Steve Williams on the anchor leg of the 400-meter relay. Louis affronted the crowd by losing to Cary Feldmann, his worshipful friend from Seattle, who won with a throw of 289' 3". "That was really a lousy thing they did. He didn't have that bad a day," said Feldmann. Even in Russia, sports fans have short memories.

Minsk was the third stop on the U.S. team's competitive tour of Europe, and the American athletes who tiredly stalked into the capital of Byelorussia fully expected the worst to come off the track, not on it. Those who had been to Russia before offered a dour, unanimous forecast: a dingy hotel, lousy food and yukky plumbing. What they experienced was a reception worthy of a Texas chamber of commerce and the quietest, most relaxed stay in Russia ever enjoyed by a U.S. team. Minsk was no worse than Cleveland, and probably better. "Man, I can't believe this is Russia," said step-pleather Barry Brown. "They're really being nice to us."

It began with a crowd of 3,000 at the airport who greeted the visitors with rose-evil around. Then the Americans were housed in the Hotel Jubileynaya, a new high-rise housery that left the Hotel Minsk—the drab sort of place everyone was expecting—for the home team. In other years the Russians used the best hotel for their own headquarters.

Dynamo Stadium was only five minutes away, and since the organizers had provided bus or taxi service almost round-the-clock, neither training nor transportation was a problem. Indeed, the only hectic moments came at the wildly euphoric party that followed the meet and included lead rock music, dancing and some new highs in international camaraderie. Unfortunately, the party also found several Americans decidedly overmatched by an abundance of



DECKER AND WILLIAMS WERE WINNERS

Byelorussian vodka, a dark amber liquor apparently concocted from rocket fuel, battery acid and wart remover.

The Russians' good cheer was not enough to revive an American team that had brought enough problems with it to preclude victory even in a U.S. city. Chief among them was the Russian meet's late date on the schedule, which meant that the Americans arrived weary from living three weeks on the road. The troubles were compounded by an AAU rule allowing certain athletes to jump the tour to participate in other European meets, lured by the possibility of under-the-table payments. The result was a team of inconsistent makeup, no unity and dubious morale.

Ironically, the one American athlete the Russians most wanted to see was one whose absence had no effect on the team score. He was Dwight Stones, who broke the high-jump world record with a 7' 0½" leap at Munich, the first stop on the tour. Against the Russians, Reynaldo Brown and Tom Woods gave the U.S. a one-two finish in the event, but the Americans only missed distance runner Steve Prefontaine, who had returned home with a recurrent back problem. The Rus-

(continued)



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TRACK

wan men swept all the races longer than 1,900 meters.

If some Americans seemed decidedly uninterested in competing against Russians, quite the reverse was true of Williams and fellow-sprinter Herb Washington, both of whom have lusted for a chance to meet Borzov outdoors. Borzov, however, was scratched from the 100 meters before the Americans reached Minsk, and the race lost its international flavor. Williams beat Washington by two meters in 20.3, equating the meet record despite easing up in the last half-dozen strides. Following the relay, the Soviet coaches decided to save Borzov further embarrassment and scratched him from the 200 meters as well.

It was a considerate move after what happened in the relay. Williams had taken the baton two full meters behind Borzov in their only confrontation. "It had to be that much," Williams said. "I could see their exchange before I got the stick myself." The 6'2", 179-pound New Yorker then proceeded to out-sprint "The World's Fastest Human" with astonishing ease. After 50 meters, when he had drawn even, Williams looked over his left shoulder at Borzov's eyes. "I didn't say anything to him," Williams said, "but I could see him react to the look." Williams then left Borzov to the wheedlers as he won by three meters.

"To lose is not a very good thing," Borzov said the next day. "But it is an argument to be better for the future."

"He is not running in the 200 today because yesterday he had a trauma," the interpreter said. "He does not know what it is."

The trauma was Williams, who said, "Frankly, I was disappointed. I expected much better from him. I've had a harder time catching American sprinters. If I'd known how he was, I wouldn't have eased up at the end of the 100. I was saving myself for Valery in the relay." In the 200, he won in 20.7, easily beating teammate Mark Larr.

Because of her age, Mary Decker may have astonished the Russians more than Williams. But her victory was logical, according to Brooks Johnson, the women's coach. "Mary has a good chance to win," he said before the race. "She's gotten the most sleep and had the most consistent workouts of anyone on the team. Because of her age, she doesn't have a lot of the interests that the older women do." She had a different curfew from the

rest of the girls and an ample guardian in the person of 240-pound shotputter Al Feuerbach, who kept her attention with a card game called concentration.

The 5-foot, 86-pound girl from Garden Grove, Calif., also ran a heady tactical race against Subaie, hanging in fourth place till the last 100 meters, when she began her kick off the turn. She moved quickly into the lead and then held off Subaie in the stretch, accelerating at the end for a 2:02.9 clocking that was a new personal best.

"I knew I had something left to sprint with," she said. "I didn't know what she had left." In a rare instance when the Minsk crowd cheered an American victory—or failed to jeer a Russian loser—Mary received loud applause. "These people are great," she cheered back.

Mary's race also pointed out one value of the Russian meet that had been largely forgotten. Johnson mentioned it early in the week when he said, "We've had a great deal of conversation about points and scoring. I don't want to minimize that aspect, but there has been a proud tradition of competition between the U.S. and U.S.S.R., and because of it the real benefits cannot be measured by the final scores. It has proved that the athlete can do what the politician cannot. The spirit, tradition and opportunity for development have all been much more important than the scores." Even a few above-American athletes and some unforgiving Russian fans could not detract from that.

END



LENN LOOKS LARGE in the background as the starter races his pistol to open a sprint.

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A heartening prognosis for salmon

After having been given up for lost by pessimists, the patient shows signs of rallying. While conditions have temporarily improved, constant attention is advised for at least the next five years.

So might read a bulletin on the health of the Atlantic salmon in the rivers of eastern Canada. According to Gary Turner, a senior biologist in salmon research for the Canadian Fisheries and Marine Service in Halifax, Nova Scotia, the runs this year are at about the same levels as last, which were up over recent years as the result of eliminating nets along certain parts of the coast. In mid-July Bill Boyd, an operator of Boyd's Fishing Lodge on the Miramichi in Blackville, New Brunswick, said, "Over the last 10 days 75% of our guests have taken their limit of two fish a day. The largest salmon taken so far is 14 pounds, and the average is eight to 12 pounds. We expect a fine season, up to last year's."

In Quebec, Jean-Paul Dabé of New Carlisle, the provincial coordinator of salmon fishing for the Department of Tourism, Fish and Game, says: "July fishing was better than last year's. Now I am trying to interest anglers in August, when all our Gaspe rivers fish well. We have openings on the Manicoué, the St. Anne in Gaspésie Park, the Matane, the Cap-Chat and the Little Caspéville. On the Little Caspéville, the fishing is much improved over what it was here."

Such cheering news did not seem likely as recently as 1971 when Canadian salmon stocks were in swift decline. In North America, the Atlantic salmon historically ranged as far south as the Housatonic River in Connecticut. But with the spread of industrialization, viable salmon runs were sustained only in eastern Canada. Although these, too, were

gradually being threatened, it was not until the early '80s that conservationists began to be really alarmed. In 1958 commercial fishermen had discovered a major feeding ground of salmon in the northeast Atlantic, in Davis Strait off the southwest coast of Greenland. The fish taken were mostly from rivers in Canada and Great Britain, but the commercial fishermen, who were largely from Denmark, exploited the find to such an extent that the catch rose from 142,000 pounds in 1960 to 57 million in 1971. Concurrent with this ominous development, the catch in Canadian home waters slumped by almost half.

The first stirrings of protest against the high seas fishing came from the Atlantic Salmon Association in Montreal. Soon U.S. conservation groups, more notably the Committee for the Atlantic Salmon Emergency, launched a campaign of their own and talked of a boycott against Danish goods. Following Senate passage in December 1971 of a bill authorizing the President to restrict imports of nations whose fishing operations "diminish the effectiveness of an international fishery conservation program," the Danes decided to talk turkey on salmon, and in February 1972, the U.S. Government, which had been working on moderation of salmon runs in New England rivers, reached a bilateral agreement with Denmark. There were two key provisions: 1) the high seas fishery is to phase out and end completely by Dec. 31, 1975; 2) native Greenland fishermen would be allowed to catch up to 1,100 metric tons of salmon annually, but starting in 1976 this fishery must be confined to within 12 miles of Greenland's coast.

Two months after the U.S.-Danish agreement, Jack Davis, the Canadian Minister of Fisheries, proclaimed a total ban on commercial salmon fishing in New Brunswick. Davis also banned the extensive drift net fishery off Port au Basques in Newfoundland; 90% of the salmon caught there were migrating to spawning rivers in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Quebec. The no-netting ban will be reevaluated in five years, meanwhile the Canadian government has paid more than \$2 million in compensation to commercial fishermen for loss of income. Angling continues on a highly regulated basis because a salmon taken on the fly generates many times more money for the economy than does a netted fish. A

few weeks after this was enacted, Quebec prohibited commercial fishing in the Gaspe.

Commercial fishing continues elsewhere in Newfoundland, and in Nova Scotia and on the north shore of Quebec, but the ban in New Brunswick and Gaspe waters has resulted in far greater numbers of salmon returning to their home rivers. In New Brunswick the angling catch almost doubled, from 19,295 fish in 1970 to 32,119 in 1972. And on some Gaspe rivers it just about tripled. For instance, on the Manicoué the angling catch was 1,112 fish as compared to only 370 in 1971, while on the Rivière du Loup the take jumped from 447 to 2,120. Interestingly, with the ban on commercial fishing the price of salmon has gone from \$1.25 to \$2 a pound, and poaching has become a big problem. Wilfred M. Carter of the International Atlantic Salmon Foundation says, "Poaching is far more serious than most people think, and it will be until the penalties are more severe. Now the penalties are at the discretion of the magistrate, and the courts are too often lenient."

In an effort to augment the runs on Canadian rivers, eight salmon hatcheries are now in operation. Raising a salmon hatchery is a far cheaper business than raising trout. Just before the 600,000-kilowatt Mactaquac hydroelectric dam on the St. John River in New Brunswick, the Canadian government runs the largest salmon-rearing station in the world. It is big enough to raise three million trout a year; but salmon demand far more tender loving care, and annual production is limited to 250,000 salmon smolts. 2-year-old fish that are released directly into the St. John each spring to migrate to sea. Of these quarter of a million smolts, fewer than 7% (7,500) remain from the Atlantic. "Young salmon are very susceptible to psychological shock," says Chris Brant, fish-disease biologist at the Mactaquac station. "Walk around in a hatchery pond and they'll follow you around waiting to be fed. Salmon won't do this; they'll retreat to the other side. They never become accustomed to people. If it isn't a salmon hatchery where certain ponds have high mortalities and the fish are in poor condition, I will more than likely find that these are the ponds with the most smolts. We no longer allow tourists to go through our hatchery, and we are attempting to simulate natural conditions."

Even with good quality smolts, hatchery fish still pose a problem when stocked in non-native river systems. If these rivers were not beset by the problems of dams or pollution (and the Atlantic salmon is a very fastidious fish), the fact remains, Carter points out, that "Each salmon river appears to have its own strain, with substantial tributaries. This is partly genetic and partly environmental. The migratory pattern is at least in part hereditary. When the Connecticut River salmon runs ended, we not only lost a salmon river but the strains of salmon that were adapted to that particular river system. If salmon are to return to the Connecticut River, or any other river where they formerly were, you have to decide what kind of a stock you are going to use. You simply can't stock salmon taken from one river in another river because salmon used to be there. We need broad spectrum progeny that are capable of adapting to a new river. Otherwise we will continue to fail."

In line with this thinking, the International Atlantic Salmon Foundation, the Huntsman Marine Laboratory in St. Andrews, New Brunswick, and all the official Canadian and U.S. agencies are cooperating in a program centered around a new North American Salmon Research Center. The foundation is attempting to raise \$2.4 million needed to build a hatchery on Chamcook Creek in St. Andrews. Dr. John Calaprice, an outstanding fish geneticist, has been hired as director, and the first fish should be ready for release in test streams by the spring of 1976.

Meantime, the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife released 50,000 smolts into tributaries of the Connecticut River this spring. Despite Carter's apprehension it is a start. As a matter of fact, even now it is possible to fish for salmon in several Maine rivers, notably the Madoux, Penobscot, Sheepscot, Doreys and Narragansett, where spawning runs are being turned back to size. True, the runs are not large—137 salmon were taken from the Narragansett last year—but the catches would be higher except for one very peculiar problem. "People have forgotten how to fish for salmon," says Phil Andrews, a biologist for the state of Maine. "They've forgotten where the fish are, where the fish hold. The fish are there to fish for, but the traditions of fishing have to be reestablished."

END



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In July 1971 the author arrived at the Baltimore Colt training camp at Western Maryland College in Westminster with what he recalls as "an ominous sense of foreboding." Once more he was going to be a quarterback. When he was with Detroit in the summer of '63, Plimpton led the Lions for five plays in an intrasquad scrimmage. Those misadventures were celebrated in the bestseller "Paper Lion." But then the whole thing was his idea—and seemed more of a luck. This time it was the idea of a television producer. And this time he was going to quarterback the Colts in a special series of four plays at the halftime of an exhibition game against his old teammates, the Lions. The Lions were unimpressed, and revealed to Plimpton was another more real—level of the game. The following is an excerpt from a journal of his month with the Colts. It is part of his pro football book, "Mad Ducks and Bears," to be published in November by Random House

THROWN TO THE LIONS

BY GEORGE PLIMPTON

MY HELMET, PART I

The first day has been predictable—going through the medical tests, getting weighed and being outfitted. The football accoutrements were laid out in piles on the gymnasium floor. I spent a lot of time with the helmets, hoping to find one that was snug and could be drawn on and off without my eyes suffering excruciating pain. But there must be something wrong with the conformation of my head. I had the same trouble at Detroit. The only solution will be to put on the helmet at the beginning of practice and not take it off until the end, which means that it is going to get hot in there, and the sweat will drip into my eyes, and I will hear everything as if it were coming through a wire mesh.

THE FRIGHTENED VIOLIN TEACHER

Today I left my playbook on top of a filing cabinet in the classroom rather than helting it back to my room. When I came in for the evening class it was gone. I looked behind

the cabinet where it might have fallen, and it was not there, and I sat down feeling low, envying everyone else opening and shutting the big blue books with the Colt insignia on the front, and putting play sheets in and snapping the big clasp rings shut. Coach Don McCafferty made a few announcements and then he looked in my direction and inquired, "Where's your playbook?" I mumbled that it had disappeared. A few of the players in the front of the class had turned in their seats to look at me. McCafferty held up my book. It had been "found," he said, by one of the coaches, and that would be a \$50 fine.

I could have protested, I suppose, or made a flip remark, but the playbook is traditionally such a serious symbol in the football fraternity that it was best to let the matter drop. The book was passed back to me. It felt good to have it again—the security blanket—it meant you truly belonged. When a player was cut from the squad, continued



the first request of him was to hand in his playbook, a gesture as awful and comical as the ripping off of an officer's epaulettes when he is being coshered on the parade ground.

In fact, my own book was not worth much. The average book has 100 or 300 different plays. The Baltimore coaches had only entrusted me with six shots describing and diagramming half a dozen plays. I might be sleeping.

In truth, it is difficult to gauge how helpful information of this sort would be to the opposition. Karl Sweetan, who was a Detroit back-up quarterback for a while and was then traded around, winding up with Los Angeles, tried to sell his Ram playbook to the New Orleans Saints for \$2,500. He was caught at it, but officials declined to prosecute the case because it became too difficult to determine the value of a playbook.

I remember meeting Sweetan when I went back to visit the Detroit players during one of the training camps. He had the reputation of having a very lively private life, much like Bobby Layne's. One lunch Sweetan tapped me on the shoulder and asked me if I would do him a favor. "Sure," I said.

"Could you carry a tray of food down to the boiler room of Page Hall?"

"A tray of food?"

"If they see me carrying the food out of here, they'll be suspicious. But you can get away with it. They'll think you're carrying the tray back to your room."

"What's in the boiler room?" I asked.

"Well, I've got a girl there. I got some bread and cheese down to her last night."

He loaded up a tray and gave me directions. I took it out, walking self-consciously across the quadrangle, through an entryway and down into a long gallerylike cellar lit by dim light bulbs.

"Hello," I called tentatively.

The girl emerged from behind a cluster of thick asbestos-contaminated pipes. "I heard you coming. I thought you were the janitor. You gave me a terrific start. Gosh, I'm hungry."

"At your service," I said.

She was very pretty, a red ribbon tying her hair back in a thick cluster behind her neck. She wore blue jeans that were dusty in the seat.

"Did Karl give you any messages?" she asked as she ate.

"No, he didn't," I said.

"What a man to be stuck on," she said. "He's a big raft of laughs but he's not what you'd call dependable. He could forget, you know, and just leave me to waste away down here. It's not very interesting. It's dumb. Things drip."

Sweetan would have had a hard time unloading a book as clumsy as mine. In fact, someone had used my playbook before me—the year before perhaps, some rookie, or a veteran. It was hard to tell because the knots he had left in the book, on the paper of the clip-on folders, were thin. I used to think about him occasionally. He was probably a flanker or a tight end, certainly a receiver because on one page under the heading "cuts" he had listed the nomenclature of such pass receivers' patterns as O.H. coneback, C.I. Max, Q, and T.O. He had drawn diagrams to show each of these. There were other notes of a more personal nature: telephone numbers; a drawing of a house, simple as a child's,

with two windows on either side of the door, and smoke coming out of the chimney. There was a small shopping list: 1. Teddy Bear 2. Ball. What was he? A family man, presumably. Out of football now? Or perhaps, having been traded, he was sitting in a classroom at some dormitory training camp, the bare of summer outside the window, and he was making new lists of that club's pass patterns, with the diagrams, and maybe a toy or two to be reminded of.

I could not resist it. In my playbook I wrote in a tremulous hand: "I am very, very scared. I do not like it here. I am involved in a sad case of mistaken identity. I am a violin teacher." That would give someone pause one day.

THE OKLAHOMA

Trouble today. Coach McCafferty announced that the first practice session would conclude with the Oklahoma Drill, at which news a sustained groan went up from the team. When everyone had quieted down, McCafferty went on to say that the drills would be filmed from atop a portable scaffolding so that each player could be graded on his performance. "I don't want any holding back. You're to go full out." Everybody looked grim. I leaned over to our partner, David Lee. "What on earth is the Oklahoma Drill?"

"Don't worry about it," he said. "The specialists aren't involved. It's too dangerous. Don't do any volunteering."

The Oklahoma Drill turned out to be an adaptation of a play Bud Wilkinson used at Oklahoma. It is an exercise in which a pair of tackling dummies are set up about six feet apart. Between them, facing each other, two linemen square away just as they would on the line of scrimmage; three or four yards behind the offensive player a running back is poised, and at a coach's signal—"Hut"—he receives a hand-off and runs full tilt forward and tries to run over or past the defensive man who is wrestling with the player opposite. The back's running room is restricted



by the two tackling dummies (he must run between them), and the trick, of course, is to read which way the offensive lineman is moving the defensive man, and to make one's cut accordingly. It is a brutal exercise for all three participants, especially for the defensive player, who must fend off the blocks of his opposite number and try to make the tackle on the running back.

The drill delighted the crowd sitting on the slopes surrounding the practice field, loiling on beach blankets, the girls wearing straw hats with embroidered designs and such messages as "Hi" stitched into them, and the men in their Bermuda shorts and fishermen's caps with long visors, leaning forward and chewing gum very rapidly as contact was made on the field.

I remained as removed from the Oklahoma as possible, standing at the perimeter of the players and peering over the shoulder pads of a teammate. The barbaric nature of football is never more graphically evident than when the action between two of the linemen is isolated—the grunts, the self-goading cries that erupt from within the helmets, with everyone standing around as if watching bull fights in a pit. I would have none of it. But then one of the coach-

es looked over and said, "Hey, George, do you want to try it?" and I saw the helmets fanning, and the grins, and the players I had been among stepped back. Everyone was looking at me, and I said as follows:

"Hell, yes."

Once announced (by some stranger in residence within me to whom I had not been introduced) there was no means by which I could gracefully withdraw. It would have been too embarrassing to announce that I had "changed my mind."

So I stepped into position. I never found out who the offensive guard in front of me was, as in his three-point stance he settled into the anonymity of a wide steeple, the reach of his back under a numberless jersey with the tail half out, the smooth surface of his helmet. Opposite him, though, looking at me through the bars of his helmet, was Billy Newsome, who weighed 260 pounds and was the first reserve of the Colt foot four, and just on the verge of becoming first-string.

At McCafferty's signal I launched myself toward the tackling dummies and the two men between them heaving at each other, Newsome throwing his man around, staring at me as I came at him. I was moving tentatively—by subsequent accounts like a man tiptoeing up to look over a high fence. Newsome reached around his blocker and collected me. I felt his strength as I was picked up and shaken, and I recall sensing, in that instant, a power so kinetic that I did not associate it with human potential, but rather with something mechanical and quick, like a huge spring. I was flung down, discarded, and the ball slipped loose and skittered across the ground. A faint sound of laughter drifted through the ear holes of my helmet, as I heard McCafferty call out, "Next, next," as if to get on with the drill so that the unprofessional men that had just transpired could be scooped up and removed.

Humiliation settled in, and also a rising indignation at my performance. Shaming! I scrambled to my feet. Possessed once more, I heard my inner voice carping that I would have to vindicate myself. I got back into line to do it again. I could scarcely believe what I was hearing myself say ("Well, we're just going to have to try that until you get it right") or that my legs were moving me into the line of running backs shuffling forward to the instant of their commitment.

When I got to be first in line I saw that this time the defensive player was Ray May, the first-string linebacker, substantially lighter than Newsome for size, but hardly a slouch at qualifying for the destructive nature required by his position. Again I could not see who the offensive player was.

McCafferty was surprised to find me back, poised to go, as if in the starting blocks. His eyebrows arched. A coach yelled "Hut!" I tucked the ball under my arm and launched myself forward once again, lifting my knees higher this time, and I moved those four or so yards at a determined gallop, urging myself on with a thin and barely audible nasal whinny. Ray May held his position against the offensive man's push and, sidestepping him just as I passed the tackling dummy, hit me; the breath rushed out of me, the ball bounded away and I was driven down at a trajectory much as if May had thrown a spear into the ground immediately in

continued



front of him. The first point of impact was my right thumb, which, with my weight bearing down on it, was driven back into the hand. The pain was instant. I sat up and looked at my hand. The rear joint of the thumb was pushing up the skin on the back of my hand in a high mound, like an extra finger trying to break out. Eyes staring in horror, I slapped at it, as if swatting at a grotesque insect, and I drove the thumb back into place. The pain throbbled.

I got up and ran over to Ed Block, the trainer, who was standing on the sidelines. I took my hand up to him as if I were carrying a package. "The thumb came out!" I called wildly. Heads turned on the embankment, spectators straining to see. Block had his head cut to me, and he said, "No, it's no fun."

"Thumb? Thumb?"

He took my proffered hand and began to knead and test the thumb.

"Dislocated, most likely, maybe broken." He took rolls of gauze and tape from his hip pocket and began to bind the thumb fast. "I'll drive you to the hospital and we'll get the thing X-rayed."

I sat next to him in the car, uncomfortable under the glances of the pedestrians on the Westminster streets, looking in to see an adult decked out in football togs, his shoulder pads enormous in the front seat.

"What did you do that for?" Block asked.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. I looked at my thumb. "It's on my throwing hand. And the game is less than a month away."

"I've never seen a quarterback do the Oklahoma," he said.

"Something gets into me," I said. "In fact, it's worse than that. Somebody gets into me. He roams around in there. He sits down at desks and arranges the papers and dictates these lunatic orders into the dictaphone. He was the one who shouted out, 'Hell yes!' when I was asked if I'd like to do the Oklahoma Drill. It wasn't me. This guy inside me just opened up a window and yelled out with a bullhorn. He's going to be the death of me. He wanders around. He goes to directors' meetings, everything all solemn and orderly, and my life being organized O.K., and he bursts in and yells things and intimidates the directors and sends them home. He sits in the chair reserved for the Chairman of the Board. He picks up the phone and gives orders to blow up one of the plants—I want that thing wadded off the face of the earth by next Tuesday! That's the sort of person he is. I can almost hear him treading around inside me. Very destructive."

"It's not a doctor you should be seeing," said Block. "It's an exorcist."

BUBBA, BUBBA

Last night there was a team party—a crab feast and home-throw-pitching contest at the home of a Baltimore fan who works in the tax division at the State Treasury Building. His name is Romeo Valiant, a super-fan, very nervous, and so thin that the Colts pick him up and pass him around and josh him: "Hey, isn't this Romeo?" "Right," "Didn't he give us a party?" "Right." "What do we need him for now?" "Nothing. Throw him away." For 19 straight years Valiant had put together the crab feast and home-throw contest for the Colt team.

As the party was drawing to a close I walked into Romeo's house. Bubba Smith was in the living room, his face up against the cage of a myna bird. "Bubba, Bubba," he was saying to it. Someone had told me that the bird was called Stoney, after the ex-Colt linebacker, Steve Stonebreaker, because it so often bit people. "putting the bit on them" and it said "hello" and whistled a lot. But it apparently was not saying "Bubba," which is what Bubba wanted it to say. "Bubba, Bubba, Bubba," the bird was intoning carefully. He picked up the cage and shook it gently. The myna bird teetered back and forth and whistled sharply. I went and stood by the cage. "Today I've been an hour working on him," Bubba said, his eyes behind his black spectacles never wavered from the bird. "Bubba, Bubba."

Romeo came in the room. "How's it going, Bubba?"

"Bubba, Bubba."

Romeo shook his head. "Bubba sometimes just drops by unexpected to see Stoney," he told me. "He's very determined, you know what I mean? We're in the kitchen and I hear this deep voice saying, 'Bubba, Bubba,' out in the living room, and we rush out, thinking maybe Stoney's learned it, but no, it's always Bubba himself, kneeling on the floor, working on the bird."

BEHEADINGS

Tonight I was sitting out on the dormitory stoop with Bill Luskey, a linebacker. He looked at my thumb and said that, well, it was too bad, it was the occupational hazard of those who craved violence.

G.P.: Bill, suppose, since you're always trying to knock someone's head off, it actually *did* come off and was rolling around on the ground. What would your emotions be?

B.L.: Oh, man. Well, some people might feel bad, but personally, if it was a clean shot and legal, I couldn't feel *shut* bad about it. Deep down inside, I know it's part of the game, and so does the other fellow. I know I'm going to give him shots, and that I'm also going to get hit. I accept those conditions.

G.P.: Is there ever a temptation to take an illegal shot at someone just to get him out of the game?

B.L.: Sometimes, but of course it's much better to hit a fellow legally, as hard as you can, and if you happen to injure him, you feel all right inside because you've been able to do it cleanly. But if you're 20 or 30 yards away from the play, and you take a cheap shot at a guy, a clothesline, and down he goes, knocked out or injured, well, that's one of these moments when you creep away from; you feel guilty, and rotten inside. I do admit that it happens. Sometimes you get so worked up that you can't help yourself. You just take that shot. It's just as Mike Curtis says—the football field is the only place that he's found where he can go around hitting people.

MY HELMET, PART II

This morning I walked up the hill with George Hall, a rookie lineman with a pale face that the sun reddens and blisters, especially the end of his nose. Both of us have problems with our helmets. He helped me off with mine today, heaving at it, and then he got his palm under the ear flaps and pushed up, practically lifting me off the ground with his effort, people staring as the two of us staggered around. Finally it came away, past my ears which burned as I rubbed them. Hall has never found a helmet that fits properly. Ev-

ery time he hits someone two small holes are dug into his forehead and they open up finally and bleed into two lines of blood like rust stains that run down each side of his face and onto his jersey. We decided that we're not going to look like much after a while, since I'm losing my ears and his head is slowly being chipped away.

THE REPORTER

Sometimes after practice an onlooker who turned out to be a writer came forward out of the crowd carrying a big legal pad or perhaps a tape recorder. Almost invariably he wore a tie in the summer heat, his shirt discolored by stains of sweat. The news profession wore hats in the old days. Now it's ties.

"Wheel it's hot," one said. "Mind if I ask you a few questions?" We sat under a tree. I held my helmet by the strap. I felt awkward. A group of onlookers collected to listen in. The reporter, who was from the county-seat newspaper, clicked a button on his tape recorder and he asked: "What's the difference between this team, the Colts, and the team you used to play for, the Detroit Lions?"

It was a good question and one that I had thought about. "I think back on the Lions as a group of very distinctive individuals," I said. "... such a variety of characters that I often wondered if, well, a wind casting director hadn't somehow got in the act. Look who they were: Karnas, Gandy, LeBeau, Night Train Lane, Joe Schmidt. . . all of them somehow affected by the legacy of Bobby Layne, who was such an individualist himself. The Baltimore Colts, on the other hand, seem a more cohesive group, and if one had to find a word to suit the team it would be something like 'solidarity' or 'love' or perhaps 'family.' The Lions were a crew of vigilantes, a bunch of guys out of the Old West who had taken over a cow town and its saloons and laid the whole thing to waste. The Colts? Well, there's a sense of common effort that is much more apparent. . . and there's more confidence. . . a quality, perhaps, that comes with being champions."

In the middle of this I was aware that the reporter was not listening. He was wondering whether his tape machine was working properly. He peered to see if the spools were going around. He looked up. His eyes were glazed. "Yes, yes," he said. Now he was beginning to worry about his next question. I scribbled on nonetheless. When I finally finished, he cleared his throat and asked a question apropos of nothing I had been discussing: "What is the real John Ursus like?"

How rarely sports reporters have conversations with their subjects, I thought. The procedure is an formless and clinical as a questionnaire put to a traveler coming through immigration or customs: "Where do you live? Are you carrying any fruit?"

The temptation was to spit up the answer to try to get a visible reaction from the reporter—if that was possible. "The real John Ursus?" I would say. "Well, John Ursus has this incredible habit. He likes to sink his head into goldfish tanks. Don't ask me why. But if you're with him at a party in a house where there are goldfish, before you can reach for a cigarette you'll look and there's John at the far end of the room, leaning over, with his head in the goldfish bowl. That's why he wears his hair cropped short; it's so strands of it won't get in his eyes and disturb his vision.

Like I say, I don't know why he does it. Maybe he drinks a bit of the water. I think he likes those little alabaster candles set in the sand. He looks in the windows."

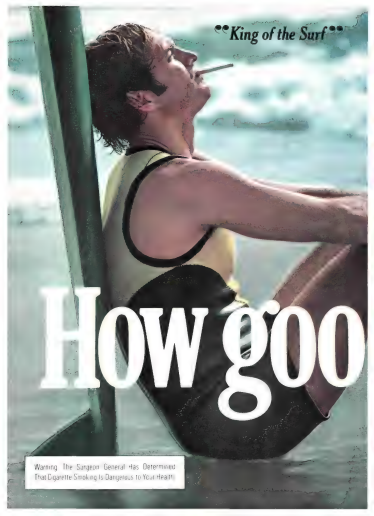
DREAM

I had this really clear dream last night. In it, I was out on the field at Ann Arbor in front of an enormous crowd, a great bowl of people stretching away on all sides, and in the huddle I had just called the first of my four plays against the Lions. As the huddle broke and I began to walk up behind the corner, Alex Karnas suddenly came offside, bolting across long before I reached the line of scrimmage, and he crushed me to the ground.

"Hey, you can't do that," I shouted in a muffled voice. "That's not fair."

Nothing, however, was done about it. I scrambled to my feet and looked at the referee, who scratched his head and said he had never seen anything quite like it before—the





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d it is

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act had taken place such a long time before the teams were set and the clock about to start that it seemed quite beyond the scope of regulations. "I'm sorry," he said.

The next time Karras tackled me in *the huddle*, I had regrouped the Colts and had just announced the play when Karras circled the huddle and got me from behind and drove me forward into the ring of Colts, who stared down at us lying at their feet. "Hey, it's not fair," I shouted once more. I got up and approached the referee. "It's anarchy," I said. "You can't . . ."

The referee was scratching his head again. "It's very unusual for a lineman to commit himself so quickly. Very unusual. It's like he went and tackled you in the training room when you were having your ankles taped. I don't think the action lies within our jurisdiction."

Just then, while the referee was entering this solemn judgment, I heard a quick shuffle of feet behind me, and yet again I was hit with a sharp shoulder block that got me in the small of the back.

"Well, I don't know about Mr. Karras' timing," I heard the referee saying. "But I'd call that a good clean tackle . . . yesir, Mr. Karras."

Very odd.

QUARTERBACK MEETING

We trooped into a meeting room and drew up chairs around a big table. The room was full of paraphernalia—movie projections, screens, charts, a mimeograph machine. Don McCafferty sat at the head of the table. He was flanked by two coaches, Bobby Boyd and John Idzik. John Gordy, the former Lion who was acting as a technical adviser for our TV film people, sat at the foot of the table with me.

McC: All right. Quarterback meeting. George, we've decided on the four plays for you. We think the Lions will probably stay in a simple four-three defense. These plays are designed to work against the four-three.

Boyd: No checking off.

McC: No autonomies.

G.P.: It's academic. I don't know how to check off a play.

McC: All right. The first play is the Flank Right Ride 38 Sucker. We were going to have the 14 Sucker, in which the guard pulls toward you, but, George, you're so slow coming out from under the center that he'll probably knock you down—very embarrassing since he's your own man. With the Ride 38, the guard pulls away from you and we got to hope that Karras goes with him. That's the sucker. Then you hand the ball to the fullback coming through Karras' hole, in which we hope he will not be.

Gordy: I think Karras will sucker. He's very aggressive. Boyd: That's the lollipop play.

Idzik: One hopes.

McC: Yeah. Nottingham's gonna be the fullback and if Karras isn't influenced we might be minus one fullback. O.K. You got that one now?

G.P.: Yeah.

McC: Let's hear you call it.

G.P.: Ride 38 Sucker.

McC: What a minute. You gotta do it right.

G.P.: Sorry. Flank Right Ride 38 Sucker.

McC: On what, for chrissakes?

G.P.: On one.

McC: Fine. Now here's the second one. Flank Right Split 34 Wham—which is again a hand-off. We put a surge on the defensive line with the lead back coming through and hitting the defensive tackle—putting a wham on the guy, who will probably be Karras again. Now please give the ball to the *second* back coming by you, not to the first. In fact, open a bit more when you turn so that first back will have more room.

G.P.: Right. Flank Right Split 34 Wham . . . on two.

McC: Make all the snaps on one so you don't get your head cluttered.

G.P.: O.K.

McC: Fine. All right, now your third play is the pass play which we'll run out of our double wing. Double Wing Right Split.

G.P.: Double Wing Right Split.

McC: . . . 68 C.I. Now the "C" means close, which is the instruction for the halfback to screen off the middle line-backer and bring the left-side safety over. The "I" cut is just a three-step movement by the end, so in order to match him you're to take three steps back from the center and line. Now remember what color jersey you have on. If it's white, free to that and in white cut there. Three steps and throw that gimpy duck you've been throwing in practice. We hope it gets to him. Now Dick LaBau of the Lions is over there. He is an excellent defender and he gets a little nazy once in a while, so he's the man you've got to worry about. But we hope our receiver can beat him.

G.P.: Are there secondary receivers on this play—if the first one is covered?

McC: Well, there are secondary receivers, but I'd stick to the first one. If you get into big trouble the fullback will be going out here in the flat (*laughing discreetly with pencil*) and you can dump the pass out to him. But don't clutter up your mind. Concentrate on the first receiver.

G.P.: Right.

McC: Now the fourth play. The thought here was that we'd best save it to last, since you are going to carry the ball, and if we scheduled it as the first play we might not have the chance to see the other three. Haw, haw, haw, haw.

G.P.: Ahem.

McC: Now I know you've been talking about the possibility of running the bootleg, but after timing you in the 40-yard dash and seeing the way you run, there's no way you're gonna get around that end. Even if you fool him with your fake, he's gonna recover and catch up with you. So I think for the running play we'd better settle on the quarterback draw. Now hear's how you call that: "Flank Right Split Quarterback 52 Trap Draw." The draw goes right up the middle through the No. 2 hole. All our draws are in the 50 series and when you designate it by "quarterback" it means to the people in the huddle that *you're* going to take it through. Right? O.K. Both the backs will flare out, the tight end will release, and to the defense it will look like a pass. Now the play action looks like this: the center and the left guard will step back one step, the center blocking left and the left guard pulling and trapping Karras.

Gordy: That is if he's around after being belted on the first three plays.

McC: He'll be around. Let's just hope he's up on the line

enough so that he can be tripped. Now, George, the hole in front of you will only be open a second. Normally our guardbacks take three steps back before they turn and come up the middle. Considering your quickness . . . I think you'd better make it two steps. Now if you do make it through the hole, be on the lookout for your right tackle. He'll be coming in to block the middle linebacker, Mike Lucci, and you should try to play off his block, use it. Right? Right. Good luck to you. That's all, everybody.

Gordy: Coach, before we go, I wanted to ask a question. Do you want George to stick to that exact order?

McC: Well, I think it's best. We start out with the sucker, hoping Karris will be influenced, so maybe Nanninghame can slip by him. Then we're gonna put a little surge on him; the third one is a pass to test the arm, and the fourth one, well, . . .

Gordy: Suppose he scores a touchdown on the pass play. McC: Well, that means he won't have to call the quarterback drive. Which may be a very good thing indeed. If he scores on any of these plays we'll go out and have some champagne. O.K.? Dismiss.

THE CROWD

I remember walking with the rest of them down a long tunnel with the sunlight at the far end, and the distant band music coming through, the odd clash of our cleats reverberating in that hollow corridor, the grotesque of men with the wide high shoulder pads up around their ears. It gave me the sense of being an unlikely element from another environment, so that our intrusion into the sunlight at the end was like a procession of military tanks arriving on the periphery of a picnic. The people, dotted through the stands, stood and stared: a museum went up. We trotted out onto the artificial surface, a huge resinlike green carpet of fibers off which the heat shimmered. I tried to lose myself in the anonymity of californians, in the circle of Colts, and then in the drills at our end of the field. I was wearing a large blue 1 on my game jersey, the thoughtful gesture of someone who felt I was due a rise in rating from the 0 that I had worn when I played with the Lions. The crowd was beginning to file in, over 90,000. At both ends of the field stood huge scoreboards—actionless now, though soon enough a finger would push a button and it would click on, ready to provide the statistics of our activity.

RIDE

The first half was over and now the referee picked up the ball and put it on the 50-yard line. The stadium announcer came on to describe what was going to happen—that I was coming in for four plays.

I felt that vast attention focus with almost palpable weight, so that when the time came and I walked out toward the center of the field for the four plays I had the sense of being stooped, as if I were carrying a bag of grain. Such a burden of gassy anticipation rose out of that bowl that the unexpected concert came to my mind that I was hearing the same sort of sound that the Christians of Ancient Rome must have heard when they stepped out to meet the lions of their day. There was nothing that seemed familiar or reassuring. My teammates' helmets were turned toward me, watching me come, but the men within seemed strangers, and it was almost surprising to recognize someone—Bill Curry's friendly face and his voice saying, just

barely audible in all that racket, "Let's go get 'em, O.K.?"

The huddle formed and I called the Ride play that was supposed to sucker Karris. As I stepped up toward the line, for the first time I focused on the Lions, already starting their defensive cries, jockeying their bodies, grim and leaning in their anticipation. It was aware suddenly of an almost tangible feeling of hatred—a chemical essence that seemed fermented by the confrontation of the two different-colored jerseys as the squads came together, almost as if the blue of the Lions and the white of the Colts created a mix of unbridled destruction. It was an astonishing sensation, to feel this so strongly. I had always remembered Vince Lombardi's line that "to play this game you must have fire in you, and there is nothing that stokes the fire like hate." Here it was, the embodiment of what he was talking about.

I stepped in behind Curry. I looked out unseeing into the Lion secondary, swallowed twice and, conscious of already beginning to flinch, I launched myself in a high querulous voice into the count. The ball snapped back into my palm, but too far forward, so that it was on my fingertips, and I barely had control of it. I withdrew it, gripping it at the back end, and shoved it off, nose down, at Don Nottingham. The timing was execrable. He had to stagger-step to control the hand-off, and I heard the breath puff out of him as he was strucked down just past the line of scrimmage. "Sorry," I called out. "Sorry."

I kicked at the ground in dismay. Then as I turned away from the play, I was suddenly cloaked hand across the helmet, a ringing concussive blow that popped my ears. I looked around, astonished. It turned out that Jim Mitchell, the big Detroit end, had seen me standing there and he couldn't resist it: he was hot and furious and, as he said later, if I wanted to see NFL football at close hand he wanted to give me a taste of what it was like. So he did it, *boom!* A whistle blew against the tumult of sound booming from the sides of the bowl, and the referee threw down his handkerchief. "O.K., that's unnecessary roughness," he called out. He picked up the ball and marched it untroubled 35 yards down to the 33-yard line.

The Lions took it with no grace whatsoever. They roared at him. Wayne Walker yelled, "Keep that goddamn thing in your pocket." As we walked to the new line of scrimmage, I was justified and a Lion stepped on my foot.

I thought: "My God, I've got three more plays to go." WHAM AND C.B.

The second play was the Wham 34. Karris was supposed to be whammed but just as I started the count, out of the corner of my eye I saw him shift position, a big sideways hop like a monkey makes at the bars of his cage to see something better, and he put himself astidly in the No. 4 hole where the ballcarrier, Jack Maitland, was supposed to go. I had just cried "Blat!" to begin the count, and I remember having a fleeting touch of sympathy for Maitland, and then a more poignant sense of wee about myself, that I was engineering an activity that was utterly doomed. Sure enough. The turn and hand-off were crisp enough, and Maitland, the second man past, collected the ball properly, but his progress was short-lived, like a man running into the side of a hill. He burrowed for perhaps a yard. Whistles blew. "Sorry!" I called again.

An altercation began up at the line. Ferocious language,

continued

A shove or two. We stood panting in the heat, in that vicious soup of resentment and rage, and I gazed dumbly at the players involved, too absorbed in my own problems to be concerned. I didn't know who they were, the jerseys and helmets providing shields of anonymity. It was broken up by the referees. "Huddle!" I heard Curry call. The storm of sound continued to drift down from the stands.

The huddle collected and I stepped into it to call the pass play with its mysterious initials C.J. I loved my thumb. Someone said, "O.K., good," and the huddle broke with a quick crack of hands, that inevitable indication of procedure and discipline whatever the circumstances, and we walked toward the line.

My pass only traveled 13 feet. It was struck down by someone reaching up with an arm like a telephone pole. It turned out to be Jerry Bush, the Detroit lineman, who concluded my pass attempt with such finality that it seemed as if I had taken careful aim and thrown the ball by design into his outstretched palm. I was jostled by someone rushing by. I never saw the ball fall to the ground. Beyond Bush I could see Gordon Bowers, the intended receiver, slowing up, his head down. "Where'd it go?" I called. "What happened to it?" Then I saw the referee pick up the ball and set it back down on the 32. At least it had not been intercepted. "Sorry," I called out again.

THE QUARTERBACK DREAM

It turned out to be the perfect play. Mike Lucas of the Lions had called a blitz and he came right up on the line to blow in and nail me in what he must have assumed was going to be another pass play. As I looked up over Curry, somewhat to my surprise I could see an open area. At the signal the ball slipped into my hand. I took only one step back, and then lunched forward as Lucas, overcommitting himself, rushed past me on my right-hand side and I found myself moving forward unexpectedly, astonished, and with just a tinge of fear that something had gone wrong, that this was not a proper state of things; and then Alex Karras put everything right by getting me from behind at the ankles and dropping me clean. Mitchell came and thumped on me to make sure. The advance was about five yards. I had my eyes graced almost shut throughout. If I had kept them open, and done some looking, and sent my right tackle coming across as Mel afferly said he would, and used him properly and done some high stepping, well, perhaps I could have gone deep into their secondary. As it was, I was done, my nose-bar resting on the Lattin Turf, and I heard someone call out, "Are you all right?"

A gun went off somewhere sending the players to the locker rooms. I trudged tiredly across the field. No one spoke to me. Just before the tunnel entrance I looked up at the great banks of faces—curious, staring down, a few hands clapping in support, friendly, some calling my name to get me to look up at them, and I sensed once again what I remembered about my visit with the Lions: that the onlookers enjoyed a certain relief watching my discomfiture out there—a reassurance that the professional world was not a place in which the amateur trafficked without being mauled. That was the correct state of things, and it was good to have it verified firsthand. They were sympathetic; I saw the hands going, and the smiles, and I felt a strong warmth toward them, knowing that soon enough I would be string

up there with them and wearing a straw hat against the sun and setting the soda pop under the seat to keep it cool.

The two teams walked into the tunnel together, the heavy crush of chairs against the wall. The darkness of the corridor contained no cynicism; it was a furnace in there. Everyone stood straight ahead. Just as we got to the doors on either side of the tunnel that led to the respective locker rooms, I caught Karras' eye. I gave him a quick wan smile of greeting.

"Can't win 'em all, George," he said. His voice had no humor in it; it was derisive. He disappeared through the door into the Lion locker room.

AFTERMATH

I sat in the empty locker room with John Gordy. The team had gone down to start the second half. The water dripped in the shower stalls.

"I wanted you to do it so damn much," Gordy said. "I mean really stick it to them."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"It was so damn close!"

"I know."

"It must have been hot out there."

"It was."

"Well, it's over, George."

"Yes. There were some things to be remembered, weren't there?"

"George, what a chance we had when they blitzed on the weak. You had 'em."

"I know."

He picked up a roll of tape and began taping it up and down on his palm. Outside we heard a long sustained roar.

"The Colts are in trouble," Gordy said.

"John, what I remember now is not the good stuff but the bad. It was as thick as steam. I could hardly believe it out there. It just poured off everything."

One block could have sprung you," Gordy said. "You could have stepped into the end zone."

"John, why do you keep harping on that?"

"Because you worked so hard on it, and that's what it's all about, damn it. There's nothing else. There is nothing else."

We sat looking at each other. "I've forgotten," Gordy said. "How many yards did you make when you played with the Lions?"

"Eleven and 20."

"Well, let's see—you picked up 15 on the penalty, maybe three yards on the running plays, and five yards on the drop—so that's 30. You're improving."

He began squeezing the tape between his hands. "It would have been a real cool 50 yards," he said.

"I know," I said. "John, I don't know how you could have done that for all those years."

"What are you talking about?"

"That hate out there—all that preparation to get smothered in something like that?"

"Look," he said. "If you don't want to remember that, remember the other things, for chrissakes."

"O.K., John," I said.

I took off my football shoes and worked my toes up and down. I took a deep breath and thought about the shower and how good it would feel.

END

"This is one we owed the President."

—Kenneth P. O'Donnell and David F. Powers

Kenny O'Donnell and Dave Powers (the "Irish Mafia", as they were dubbed by White House correspondents) were JFK's closest companions and confidants for over fifteen years. They were at his side when he rang doorbells in Boston during his first campaign for the House in 1946—and at his side again in the tail of Air Force One as it returned him to Washington for the last time. As Bob Conard puts it,

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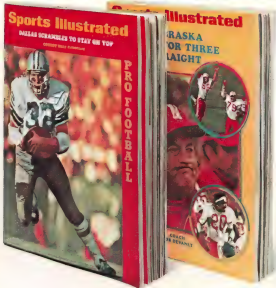
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When Guerin and the Dancer Were out of Step

Twenty Derbys have now been run at Churchill Downs since 1953, when jockey Eric Guerin had a bad day on that famous horse, but nothing about any of them has dimmed his recollections by PAT PUTNAM

After too many days of rain the sun returned over Miami, and for Eric Guerin, who likes all the help he can get in sweating weight from his slim 44-year-old body, the warmth was welcome. Seated on an aluminum folding chair in front of the jockey quarters at Hialeah Park, Guerin watched a platoon of small men in multicolored silk uniforms parade past, and he spoke to a few. He had expected to ride in the second race that day, but his horse had been scratched, and for him there were no others. There had been one mount earlier in the week; none the week before. "Mounts are a little hard to come by right now," he said, his voice softened by his harrow background.

A race began and Guerin flipped open a program as he listened to the report over the track public-address system. The sun made him squint as he read, deepening the many lines in his weathered thin face. His hair is nearly as black as when he rode Native Dancer, but now there is some silver at the temples. And his nose, many times scratched from falls in a career that has spanned 32 years, seems out of place, as though someone had sculpted a sharply featured face but left the nose a large lump of clay. His eyes, like his voice, are soft, filled with patience.

The race done, Guerin closed his program. "I suppose you want to talk about Native Dancer," he said to the man sitting next to him. Then he laughed and added, "And the Kentucky Derby."

For Eric Guerin it always comes down so that. Although by 1973 he had ridden 2,680 winners and his mounts had earned \$17,125,718, on a May day 30 years ago he rode Native Dancer to second place in the Kentucky Derby and everything else became background music. It was the great gray colt's only loss in 22 races, and when a hero falls the public doesn't want victims, it wants to hear drums roll. Guerin has heard nothing but sticks on the snare ever since.

"I've grown used to it," he said. "I guess I've had maybe 2,800 interviews since, and every time it begins with, 'What about the Dancer and the Derby?' But I don't mind. To tell you the truth, I never get tired of talking about that horse. I guess he'll always be my favorite subject."

On that first Saturday of May in 1953 all had seemed right for Guerin and Native Dancer. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's powerful gray had bedeviled his rivals as he easily won his first 11 races, and if there was anything to beat him at Churchill Downs it would be triggered from a rifle rather than a starting gate. The horse was beautifully beautiful, with an explosive come-from-behind style that won races by a whisker and fans by the millions. He was also delightfully lazy and only went all out—his belly close to the ground, his awesome stride a full foot longer than that of Man o'War—in the closing moments when all seemed lost. He always stood out from the rest, and he became the country's first race-horse television star. Wherever he was stabled, sacks of fan mail flowed. When he was moved by train, fans appeared at every stop along the way.

"It's hard to explain how I felt about that horse," Guerin said. "I used to go to the barn, and I'd watch that gray horse and I'd get a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach. I'm just sorry that every jockey didn't have the chance to ride him so they would all know how magnificent he really was."

The only other to ride Native Dancer was Eddie Arcaro, who, ironically, is on record as having said in mid-1953 that he didn't think Vanderbilt's ace was anywhere near as good as had been reported. "All Native Dancer has done," Arcaro said, "is go around beating the same horses, and most of the time carrying equal weight. . . . Would you call him a great horse?"

And then, just before the \$112,600 American Derby at Washington Park,

Guerin drew a 50-day riding suspension while winning with Portierhouse at Saratoga. It was to be the only time he would miss a ride on Native Dancer. "I almost cried," he said. "It wasn't the money; it was just the great thrill of riding him."

With Guerin out, Trainer Bill Winfrey went to Vanderbilt with two names: Arcaro and Teddy Atkinson. The millionaire owner, a man with a silver star won as a PT-boat officer in World War II, a keen sense of humor and a fondness for floppy hats, ended up with the detractor, Arcaro. "Oh, oh," said Arcaro. "If I lose with him I'll be the biggest bum in the world." Then he took the Dancer on a trial spin and allowed, "He's a big powerful animal." At Washington Park officials canceled the show betting, preempting Columnist Red Smith to write in the *New York Herald Tribune*: "The staid old American virtues of avareice, simplicity and parsimony, qualities that have won for racetrack operators the warm affections which the public ordinarily reserves for pawnbrokers and dogcatchers, were gloriously exemplified. . . ." (Washington Park officials, mindful of the \$46,062 minus show pool Native Dancer had created earlier in the Preakness, ignored Mr. Smith.)

When Native Dancer won the American Derby by 10 lengths—he could have won by 50—Arcaro changed his opinion. "I guess the Dancer's about everything they say," Eddie allowed.

On the day of the Derby there was no sense of impending disaster. Guerin was as nervous as usual, but he knew the butterflies would be gone as soon as he mounted the big gray. It has been said of Eric Guerin that he was, and may still be, the best sit-till-guy riding, impossible to panic into making a bad move and utterly fearless when it comes time to shift into a quicker gear. "I just follow orders," he always said. "I'm pretty good at that. I figure most of the

time the trainer knows the horse better than anyone else. So I just do whatever the man tells me."

In the same field were Dark Star and Money Breaker, and neither figured to do much. Dark Star, who would go off at 25 to 1, was owned by Captain Harry Guggenheim, a former ambassador to Cuba who had bought him by mistake. Guggenheim had looked at two brown colts bred by Warner L. Jones Jr., picked out one and by mistake picked up the other. When Jones offered to make a switch, Guggenheim said, "Never mind. I've got this one now and I kind of like him."

A speed horse, Dark Star flew from the gate under the urging of Henry Moreno, took the lead on the rail and was out in front of any trouble as the horses passed the stands for the first time. Back in the pack, Native Dancer loafed into the first turn when, suddenly, Money Breaker swerved over and crashed into him.

"He just didn't want to run early," Guerin said. "And when he didn't want to run, he didn't run. All I could have done was put the whip to him, and if I had the trainer and the owner would have thought I had gone crazy. I'd never really whipped him before."

Al Popara, on Money Breaker, would forever claim that the bumping was accidental.

"He nailed me deliberately," Guerin was reported to have said two days after the race. "I looked him straight in the eye going into the turn. I knew that he was going to do it before he hit my colt." (Guerin now denies the quote and disclaims any unfriendly feelings for Popara.)

Critics have always contended that Guerin, who won the Kentucky Derby with Jet Pilot in 1947, should have realized that a foul call in the Derby was as rare as a mint julep in Moscow and that he therefore should have forced Native Dancer closer to the lead to avoid expected batterings. Which is like blaming a man for accidentally falling out of a fifth-story window on the grounds that he knew the sidewalk was made of concrete.

"The actual bumping didn't bother me," Guerin went on to his new friend at Hialeah. "It's what it did that hurt. It turned my horse around and he ended up on the heels of the horse inside us. I had to take him up sharply."

But Native Dancer recovered on the backstretch and went on to pass Straight Face. Swinging wide coming around the turn for home, Guerin tried to save ground by ducking inside at the head of the stretch, but he found the way blocked and was forced to the outside once more.

Years later Vanderbilts told Artur Daley of *The New York Times*: "I disagree that the race was lost in the early stages. The Dancer had overcome it and moved back into contention. Coming around the last turn, though, Eric lost confidence in the horse and began cutting corners. He dropped to the inside instead of swinging wide as he always did before. In thinking back on it, I find myself wondering if he got patently—I never said this to anyone before—and realized as if it had become a life-or-death proposition. He should have said to himself, 'This isn't an ordinary horse. This is the Dancer. He can still win from the outside.'"

Native Dancer almost made it in spite of the early problems. "I put the whip to him," Guerin said. "He had never felt it that way before and he really flew. He saw the other horse in front of him and he just leveled off and went after him." At the wire it was Dark Star by a head. After the race, Native Dancer for the first time missed the winner's circle; his groom claimed that the horse was profoundly affected.

"I think then he realized what had happened," Guerin said. "It's really strange; until that day he was the laziest horse in a workout you could find—always playing, never serious. If he didn't have another horse to work with, he just wouldn't work. And if the other horse stopped, he'd stop."

One story goes that Native Dancer, ever curious, once spent a morning workout watching a pair of steeplechasers taking jumps. A few mornings later, as the early sun caused the furlong poles to cast long shadows across the track, Native Dancer apparently decided to try what he had seen the other horses doing. Each time he came to a shadow, he jumped it.

"But there was no more foolishness after the Derby," Guerin said. "From that moment on, whatever you asked him to do in a workout he did."

For Native Dancer that one trip past the winner's circle was enough. He went on to win the Preakness and the Bel-

mont Stakes, and then seven more races, and finally was retired to stud as a 4-year-old after a bruised foot ended his racing days. Guerin, told for a jockey at 5'4" and forever fighting his weight, went on riding. Both were named to the National Museum of Racing Hall of Fame; the horse in 1963, the jockey last year.

"Eric never retired, but because of weight problems the last few years he hasn't been riding that much," says Trainer George Poole, who has given Guerin many of his recent rides. Last year the jockey went to the post but 98 times, won none.

"He didn't ride much because he was too heavy," Poole said. "But now he's down to where he should be and I use him because I think he is just as good as he ever was. He knows where he is going in a race and he seldom gets into trouble. And after he gets off a horse, he can tell you something. I've been around for 45 years, and as far as I'm concerned he's the best there is at informing you about a horse he has ridden. The young breed of trainers apparently look upon him as a thing of the past, but he hasn't lost anything. He's strong and fit and he can ride with the best of them. But people like a winner and he hasn't won much lately because he hasn't ridden much lately. Let him win a few. Then you'll see."

In the meantime, Guerin takes the mounts he can get and he keeps on with the stringent diet he's followed all his adult life: for breakfast a poached egg, one slice of diet toast and half a cup of coffee. No lunch. And for dinner one small piece of lean meat, a vegetable and a salad with no dressing. He works horses almost every morning.

"I'm fit and I'm strong," he said. "I don't think I've lost anything. People have been retiring me for 15 years, but I love to ride too much to quit. Someday, but not now. I've even beaten the steam train."

Now that he spends most of his time around Miami, he uses the Florida sun to sweat off pounds. Each day when the sun is shining, he puts on two shirts and a jacket, climbs into his car, rolls up the windows and sits there.

"I never drive anywhere," he said. "I just get a good-sony book or a *Reader's Digest* and read. I lose three or four pounds like nothing." He laughed. "It's no sweat."

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

FLOW GENTLY

Sir:

Gwynn Bowen's fine article *On New Green-ly Flow* (July 23) partially makes up for an almost total lack of the recognition due one of football's finest flows.

I can still picture No. 13 slipping through the Oakland secondary, clutching Namath's helmet and scrambling to the turf on that damp December night. Howard Cosell tried to get excited and so did Frank Gifford. But they, like the Jets, got lost in the Raiders' rush to the playoffs. Don Maynard had become the albino pro football pass receiver, but few stopped to say "congratulations."

LIPANUS M. SAPIR

Arlington, Va.

Sir:

Concerning your article on Don Maynard: he may have 632 receptions, but how can one justifyably put Maynard and his other AFL cohorts in the same class with those NFL reception leaders. Most of Maynard's receptions were made against minor-league caliber football teams in the old AFL. Considering the competition that Ray Berry had in the NFL for 15 years, Berry's record is phenomenal.

GUARDEN BEARS

Harrisburg, Pa.

Sir:

The subject of an article on the game's all-time top receiver should be Lance Alworth, who holds records for seven consecutive 1,000-yard seasons and receptions in 96 consecutive games. Compared to Lance, Don Maynard lacks more than blocking ability and overall team play.

Statistically, he trails Alworth in receptions per year (43.3 to 49.3), in yards per reception (18.7 to 18.9), in yards per year (844 to 935) and in touchdowns per year (8.3 to 7.7).

Don Maynard is superior to Lance Alworth only in longevity.

DONALD PASTERNAK

Tulsa

MUSIC MAN

Sir:

Berry McDermott's article *Dead as Ever as Billy's Music* (July 23) was absolutely superb. As a somewhat devout member of the Chicago Cubs fan populace, I was sadly astonished to even stumble on a piece of pro-Cub literature in a national magazine. It reassured me that there are Cubs readers everywhere.

JOHN HALL

Aurora, Ill.

Sir:

It's about time somebody recognized Billy Williams. For 13 years he has been consistent in every aspect of the game. He has hit 368 home runs, has over 2,500 lifetime hits and has drawn in 1,250 runs. He also holds the NL record of playing 1,157 consecutive games, a mark that I doubt will ever be broken. Billy Williams deserves Most Valuable Player of the last decade.

JOE ESTEY

St. Louis

BLOOD AND SWEAT

Sir:

In your otherwise excellent article about pre-season conditioning programs for college football (*A Case of Vengeance—on Edge*, July 23) you twice make the statement that this type of activity doesn't go on in the Ivy League. While the assumption that lack of spring practice makes winter drills unnecessary would seem valid, it is just not true. I attended Yale in 1967-71 and prepared for two seasons on the varsity level at virtually mandatory conditioning sessions at the Payne Whitney gym on campus.

Weight lifting and conditioning drills were under the direct supervision of Head Coach Carmine Crooks and his football staff. All of us were "encouraged" to play handball after these sessions. On more than one occasion coaches told me to shave or get my hair cut. To my knowledge only football players participated in these sessions. I have no reason to believe that things are done any differently in New Haven today.

BRYCE ARLESTROM

West Brewster, Mass.

Sir:

Many thanks to SI for putting this off-season physical-conditioning program into proper perspective.

The *St. Petersburg Times'* laudable efforts to expose the seamy side of college football were tarnished by a good deal of inaccurate reporting and by unfairly singling out one school, Florida State. The *Times* has led Floridians to believe unheard-of tortures were occurring at FSU while other schools gave players a warm teddy bear for the winter.

An accusing finger should be pointed at the NCAA for its vague rules that mean almost anything goes in these programs.

H. H. DE BRADEN

Winter Park, Fla.

TEAMS

Sir:

My sincere congratulations to Robert H. Boyle for his splendid article *Buy Now and*

—continued—



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10TH MOORE comment

Cry Later (July 23). I hope that other states will follow the lead of California, Vermont and Maine in passing legislation that will halt the encroachment of the greedy land developers.

As you pointed out, not all developers are bad. Many sincerely attempt to make the remaining open spaces useful as well as enjoyable to all.

FREDERICK H. HART

La Mesa, Calif.

Sir:

If Pulitzer Prizes are being given for brilliantly written exposés of illicit land development projects, I nominate Robert H. Boyle. *Buy Now and Cry Later* should be required reading for anyone over 40. And the magazine is to be congratulated for publishing such articles of revelation.

JAMES M. TENNEY

Tucson, Ariz.

Sir:

Thanks so much for Robert H. Boyle's article. It is obvious that of all man's activities, his use of land has the most far-reaching impact on the environment. And of all man's land-use activities, the booming growth of the land-sales industry represents the most serious threat to our dwindling land resources. Hopefully, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* will continue to inform its readers on subjects such as this, and by doing so help to keep the word "resource" a part of the English language.

MARK WENZEL

North Hollywood, Calif.

11TH MOORE

Sir:

Those cheers for Dan Jenkins' article on the British Open (*All in First Round*, July 23). Having long admired Tom Weiskopf as a golfer, this story doubled my appreciation of him. It ranks as SI's best article since I began reading the magazine.

JOE CORRELLA

McMurry, Pa.

Sir:

Dan Jenkins has made me shed a few tears for poor old Jack Nicklaus, the "walking corporation." All poor, over-the-hill Jack has done this year is win four tournaments and remain one of the top money-winners on the pro tour.

LEE DAVEN

Birmingham

IN A NUTSHELL

Sir:

In *SCOTCHMAN* (July 2) you mention Ben Drinker's recent suggestion that rowing is useless may be the wrong approach in competitive oar racing. Your discussion certainly is "offbeat." The shell does not leap forward

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ahead "as the eight men dig their ears into the water simultaneously." It slows down. During the "arresting interval" between strokes, the hull velocity is as much as 25% greater than the average or "constant component." These peculiar effects are a consequence of the motion of the oarsmen on their slides during the stroke and run. Although a precise description requires some mathematics, these effects are obvious to anyone who has ever watched a crew race.

Incidentally, even overlooking the obvious problems of timing and coordination, the Drisko "octapode" style won't work. The shell would have to be slightly longer to allow the crew to execute the peculiar motions he suggests without interfering with one another. The longer boat would develop a somewhat higher drag. The twisting motions resulting from time-varying unbalanced forces on either side of the shell would necessitate continuous steering corrections, with added drag penalties. Also, the stern oarsmen would be rowing in the puddles from the bow cars. Furthermore, it can be shown that the crew would have to row at a better beat using the Drisko technique in order to deliver the same thrust as with the classical in-unison style. Therefore the octapode style is less efficient. These arguments are presented in detail in a paper submitted for the ASME Symposium on Mechanics in Sport to be held in Detroit in the fall.

DANIEL L. PINE

Chester, N.J.

Sirs:

Mr. Drisko's idea of having oarsmen in an eight row sequentially was tried in England in 1929 by the London Rowing Club. The technique, dubbed the "syncopating eight," did not work. In order to row in this fashion the boat itself had to be lengthened to prevent pairs from interfering with each other while in differing position throughout the stroke cycle.

JACK R. FINLEY
M.J.T. Crew Coach

Cambridge, Mass.

THE WOMEN (CONT.)

Sirs:

Your excellent series of articles on the role of women in athletics (May 28 et seq.) prompted my writing you concerning the steps being taken by the California Legislature to give female students equal opportunity to participate in athletic programs in public schools. The California State Senate is considering Senate Bill 1227, which I authored; it will affect public elementary schools, high schools and community colleges. A companion bill applies to universities and colleges. It has just passed the Senate Education Committee and will be voted on in the near future.

The thrust of both bills is to require that

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

schools and colleges provide equal opportunities for athletic participation for female and male students. More important, public funds will have to be allocated equally to athletic programs for male and female students, with allowances being made for differences in the cost of various athletic programs.

MAURYS M. DYMALLY
California State Senator

SACRAMENTO

Sir:

This is in reply to a letter (July 9) from James Day, President of the Athletic Association of Canada West University, concerning selective athletic competition for women. Mr. Day states his refusal to provide a program for women's ice hockey, which he finds "not appropriate." As part-time goalkeeper for Brown University's ice hockey team (the Pandas), I am moved to disagree.

For 10 years the Pandas have been facing up and taking to the ice, thus making us the oldest American women's collegiate ice hockey team. Admittedly the beginnings were modest, with many of the women struggling on worn figure skates and making do with leased ice time, equipment, coaching and competition. We were virtually ignored by the male-dominated university athletic department. Despite the poor conditions, the Pandas continued to play.

But the times, thankfully, are changing. The men's and women's athletic departments have merged into a single unit. The Pandas now enjoy a workable budget, more ice time, a multiple coaching staff, uniforms, an organized intercollegiate schedule (against teams from Colby, Cornell and Loyola of Montreal, among others) and are getting some much-needed publicity.

Perhaps Mr. Day and others should peel the blinders off their eyes and realize that for some women "icing" means more than the sweet stuff on top of cake.

TINA BRUNGER

Providence

NEARSHORE RECOVERY

Sir:

After losing our 14th straight Little League game, it was refreshing to read Bill Vuck's comments in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (July 9): "Little League . . . exists for parents who are trying vicariously to recover an ability of their own that never really existed." I knew there had to be a reason for me to stand out in 55° weather and try to teach baseball to 10-year-olds. May his wooden leg get termite.

DOY MERRICK

Raytown, Mo.

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